

THUNDER

READ IT...and you'll be THUNDER-STRUCK!

8d 3½
NEW PENCE

FAMOUS FIRSTS

MANY PEOPLE WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH BALLOONS AND AIRSHIPS AT THE START OF THIS CENTURY. BUT IT WAS A BRAZILIAN LIVING IN PARIS, ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT, WHO MADE THE FIRST SPECTACULAR CONTROLLED FLIGHT IN AN AIRSHIP IN 1901. HE FLEW FROM A PARISIAN SUBURB, TO CIRCLE ROUND THE EIFFEL TOWER, AND RETURN TO HIS POINT OF DEPARTURE... 9½ MILES IN HALF AN HOUR!

THE GERMAN INVENTOR, COUNT VON ZEPPELIN, WAS THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE AIRSHIP BUILDERS. BUT HIS MASTERPIECE, THE GIANT **HINDENBURG**, 811 FEET LONG AND WEIGHING 220 TONS, CAME TO A TRAGIC END AFTER A TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE IN MAY, 1937. AS IT APPROACHED ITS MOORINGS AT LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY, THE AIRSHIP CRASHED IN FLAMES, KILLING 36 PEOPLE. THE LARGEST AIRSHIP EVER BUILT, THE **HINDENBURG** HAD A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 84 M.P.H.

A WHOLE SQUADRON DESTROYED BY THE BARON'S PLANES!



WHEN GERMAN WORLD WAR ONE AIR ACE, BARON MAXIMILIEN VON KLORR, KNOWN AS **BLACK MAX**, RETURNED TO THE WESTERN FRONT, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A NIGHTMARISH GIANT BAT, TRAINED TO TEAR BRITISH PLANES FROM THE SKY. TIM WILSON OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS DISCOVERED BLACK MAX'S SECRET - ALTHOUGH HIS C.O. DID NOT BELIEVE HIM - AND HAD FORCED THE GERMAN ACE TO ABANDON HIS KILLER-BAT'S HIDING PLACE...



THE BARON SAID THAT ANYONE GOING NEAR THAT TRIPLANE WILL BE SHOT!

I WOULDN'T GO NEAR IT FOR A FORTUNE! LOOK AT THE WAY THAT GUARD DOG'S HOWLING! AND THAT LINEARITY SOUND! WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



THE ACE CALLED BLACK MAX KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

LISTEN TOTT! THE BAT'S BEEN CRAMPED UP FOR TWO HOURS INSIDE THAT PLANE'S COCKPIT. IT'S GOING MAD OUT THERE!

I KNOW, HERR BARON! BUT WHERE CAN WE TAKE IT?



AT THE GERMAN AIRFIELD COMMANDED BY BLACK MAX...



BLACK MAX GLARED WITH HELPLESS FURY AT HIS SERVANT, MORG...

IF WE LEAVE IT INSIDE MY AIRCRAFT MUCH LONGER IT WILL SMASH ITSELF FREE!

HERR BARON! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER!



ABOUT THREE MILES AWAY THERE IS A DUGOUT! IT HASN'T BEEN USED FOR MONTHS. GIVE ME ONE HOUR, HERR BARON, AND I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING READY!



AND SO, EXACTLY ONE HOUR LATER, BLACK MAX HAD FLOWN HIS WEIRD PASSENGER TO ITS NEW HOME...



THE MONSTROUS WINGED KILLER SWOOPED TO THE DARKEST CORNER OF THE GLOOMY DUGOUT.

BETTER EVEN THAN THE GAVE, MORG! ARE YOU SURE NO ONE COMES HERE?

QUITE SURE, HERR BARON. NOR WILL THEY. FOR TWO GOOD REASONS!



THERE WAS A TERRIBLE BATTLE HERE, HERR BARON. ALL WERE WIPE-OUT. EVEN HERE ON THE WESTERN FRONT, MEN SAY THIS IS A HAUNTED PLACE!

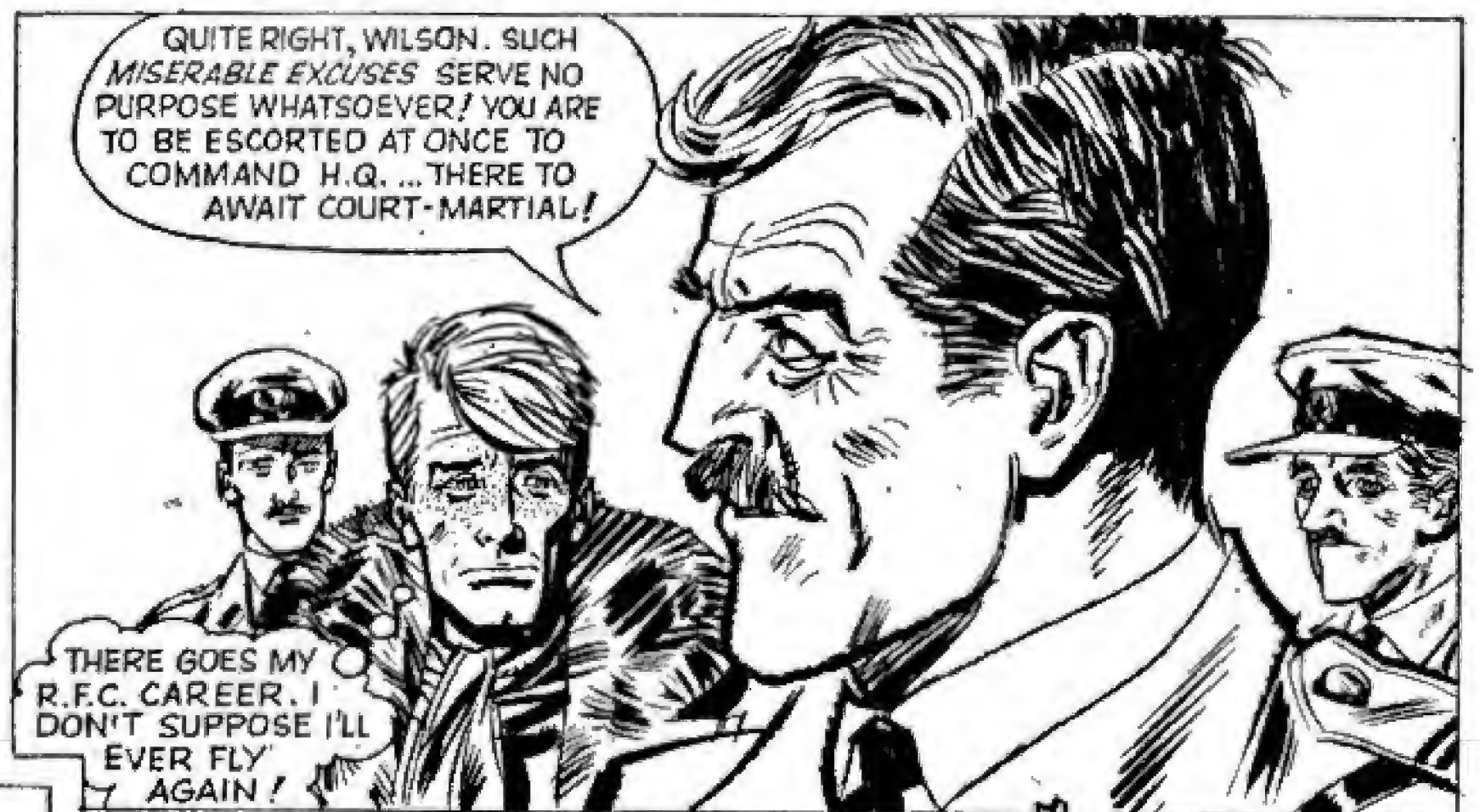
GOOD! AND THE OTHER REASON, MORG?



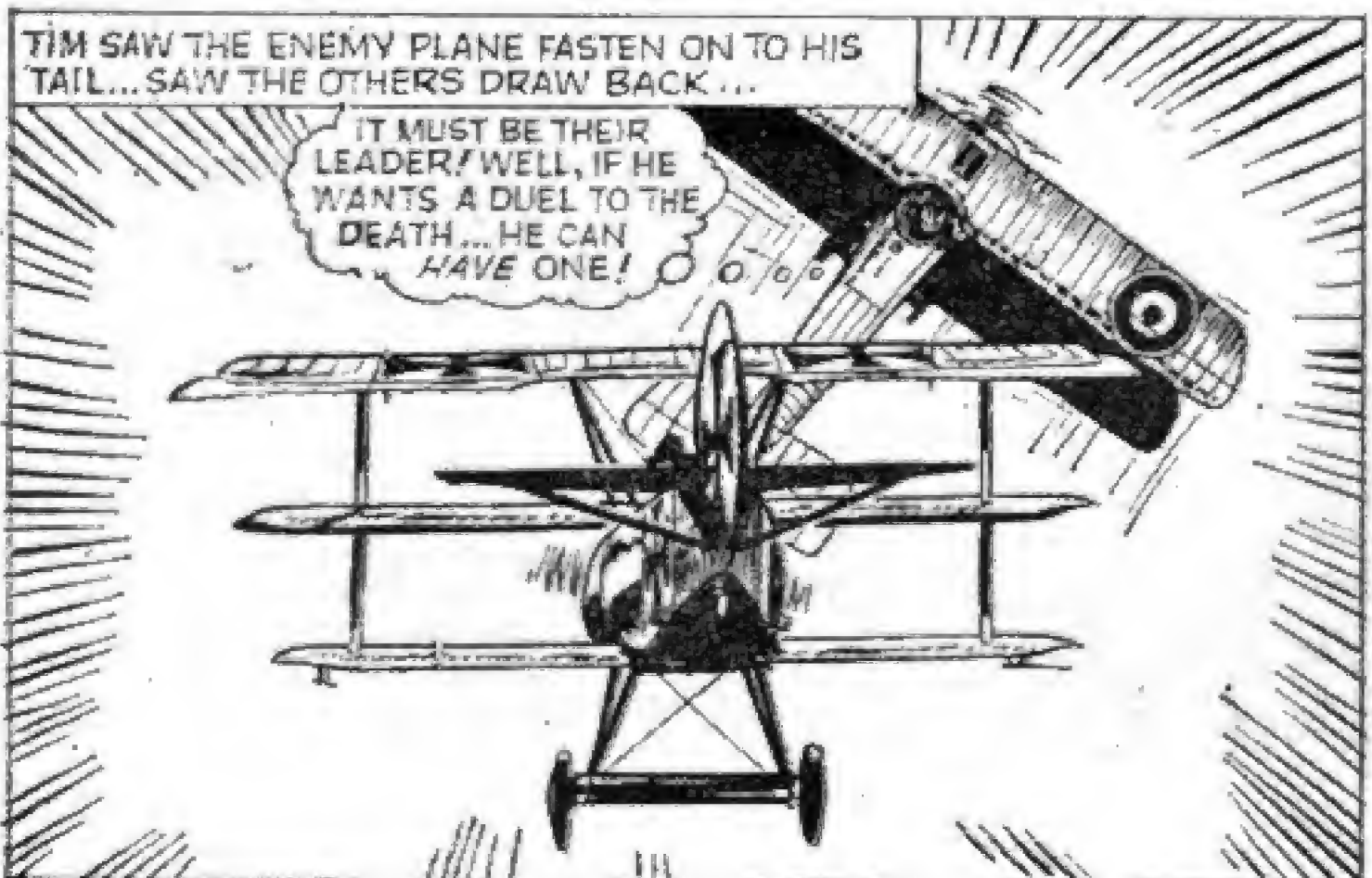
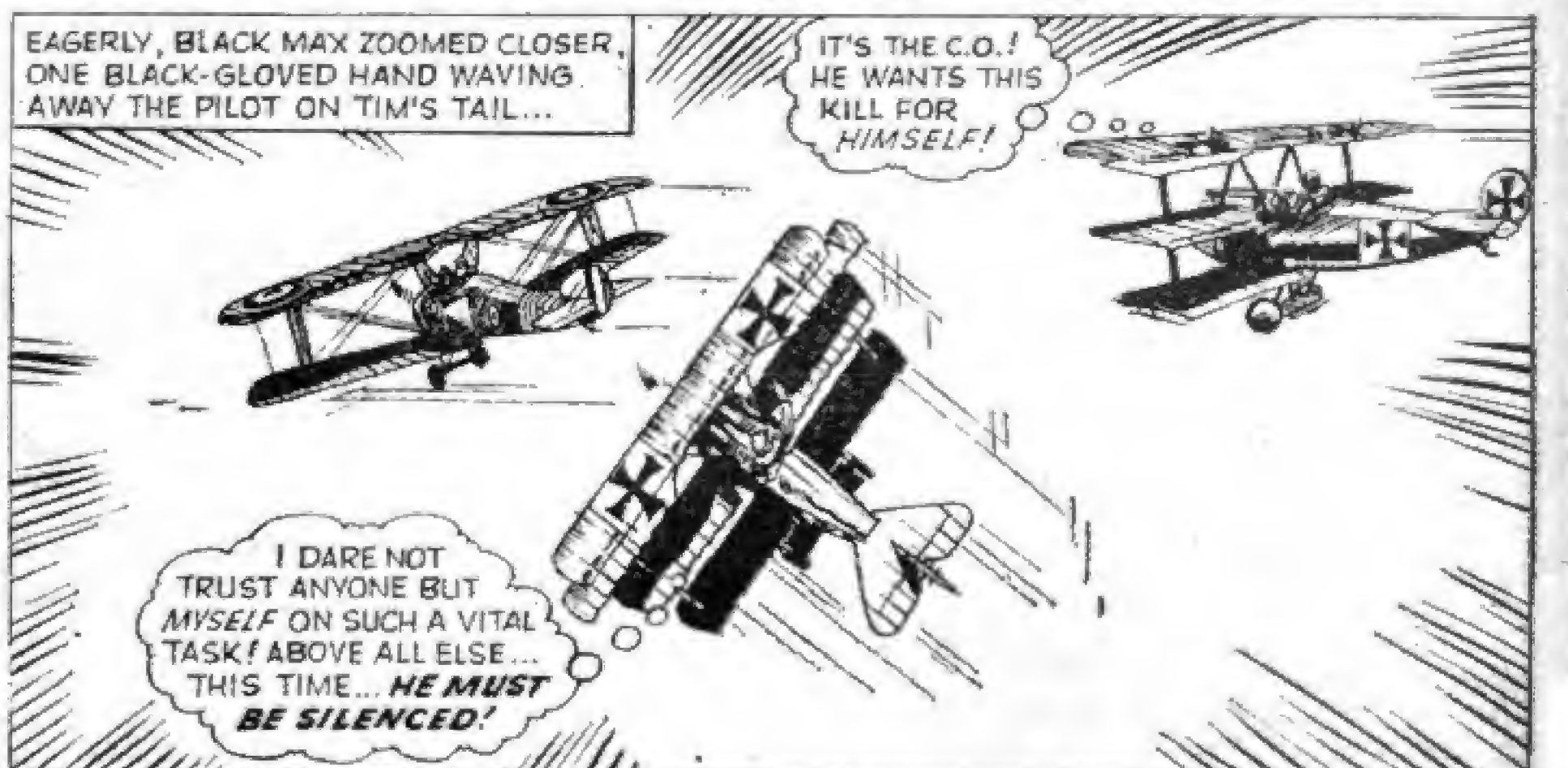
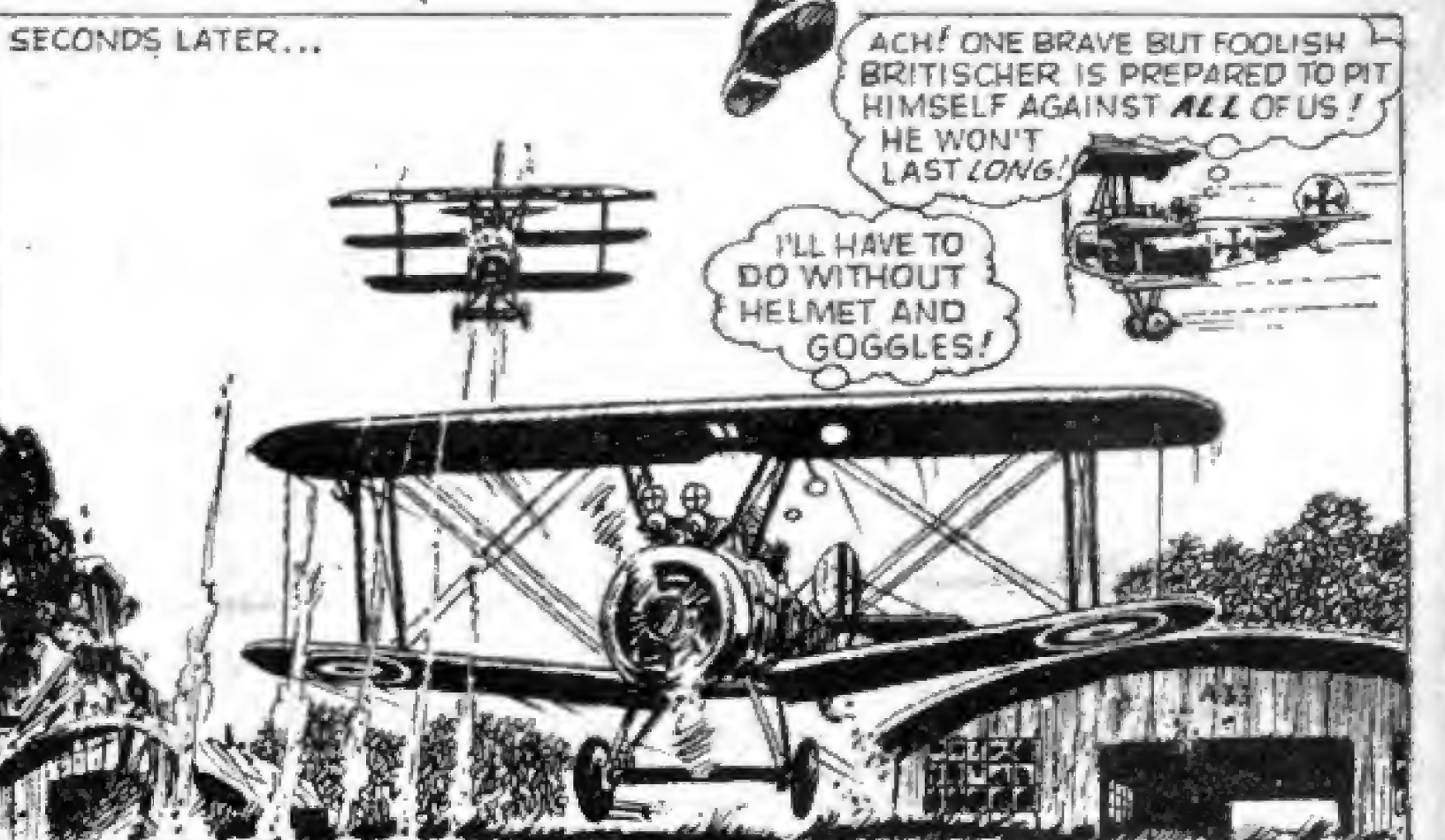
THE OTHER REASON, HERR BARON, IS THAT I SHALL STAY HERE - ON GUARD!

SHOOT ANY TRESPASSER ON SIGHT! NOW I CAN PUT MY MIND TO ANOTHER URGENT MATTER!

A year is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 seconds and 7/10 second long.



A hansom cab-driver was once fined for carrying 14 people in his cab.



DOOMED NEVER TO DIE, HE WANDERED THE EARTH FOR CENTURIES ON END!



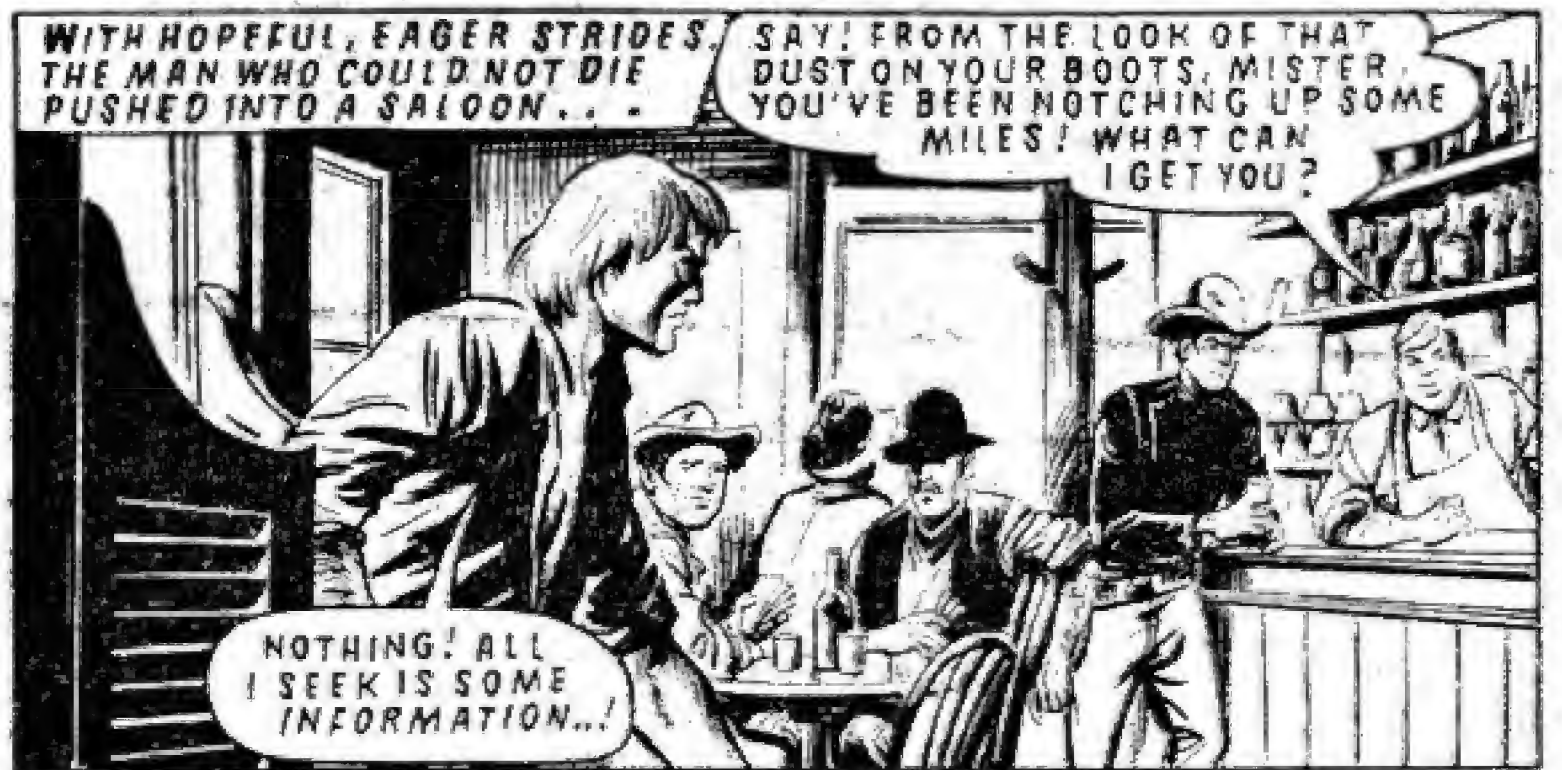
ADAM ETERNO

OWING TO A CURSE PUT ON HIM BY A 16th CENTURY ALCHEMIST, ADAM ETERNO HAD BEEN CONDEMNED TO LIVE FOREVER! IT WAS SAID THAT ONLY A WEAPON OF SOLID GOLD COULD KILL HIM. IN PRESENT-DAY LONDON, HE HAD BEEN KNOCKED DOWN BY A GOLD-PLATED CAR... AND FOUND HIMSELF IN A STRANGE, DREAMING, TIMELESS STATE, FROM WHICH HE EMERGED, AGAIN AND AGAIN, INTO PERIODS OF TIME THROUGH WHICH HE HAD ALREADY LIVED...



THE LIMBO OF TIME WHIRLED AGAIN... AND ADAM ETERNO FOUND HIMSELF IN THE TEXAS TOWN OF CEDAR BEND... THE YEAR, 1872...

NONE OF THESE PEOPLE CAN POSSIBLY KNOW THAT I AM OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD! AT LEAST I WILL FIND PEACE HERE... AND PERHAPS THE GOLD I SEEK!



WITH HOPEFUL, EAGER STRIDES, THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE PUSHED INTO A SALOON...

SAY! FROM THE LOOK OF THAT DUST ON YOUR BOOTS, MISTER, YOU'VE BEEN NOTCHING UP SOME MILES! WHAT CAN I GET YOU?

NOTHING! ALL I SEEK IS SOME INFORMATION...



IS IT TRUE THAT GOLD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED IN THESE PARTS?

SURE WAS, FRIEND... IN 1862! BIGGEST RUSH YOU EVER SAW! TROUBLE IS, THE GOLD SEAMS RAN DRY A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!



HIS SHOULDERS BOWED IN RENEWED DESPAIR, ADAM ETERNO TURNED AWAY!

I GUESS YOU GOT HERE A MITE TOO LATE! HEH, HEH!

HOW DID I... MISCALCULATE? THERE IS NOTHING FOR ME HERE—NO HOPE OF CHEATING THE CURSE OF ETERNAL LIFE!



THEN, AS HE STUMBLED FROM THE SALOON...

I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, LOGAN... MY LAND ISN'T FOR SALE!

WHY, YOU DURNED PIG-HEADED FOOL...



I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE YOU SEE REASON, TELFORD... GET HIM, BOYS!

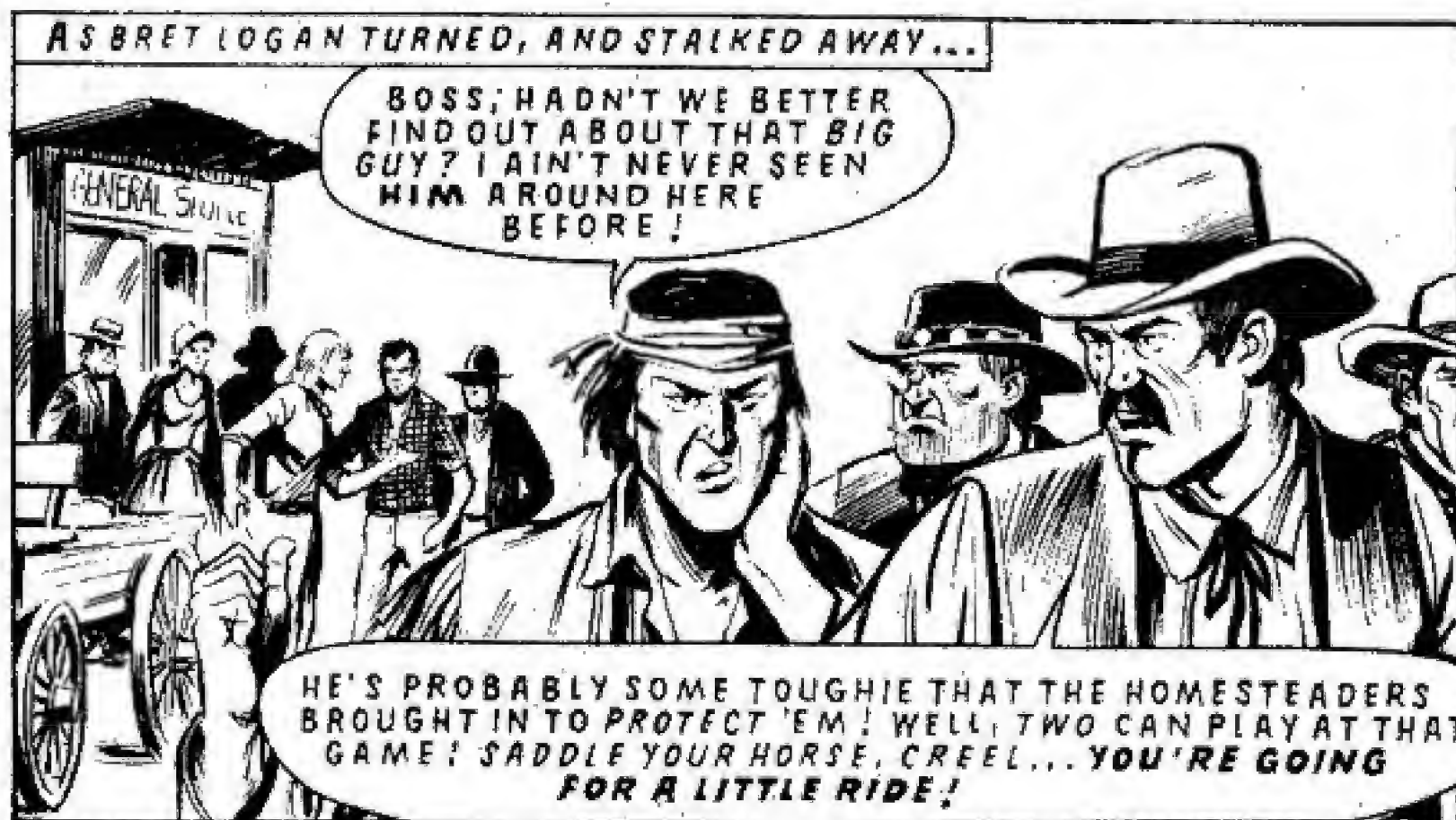
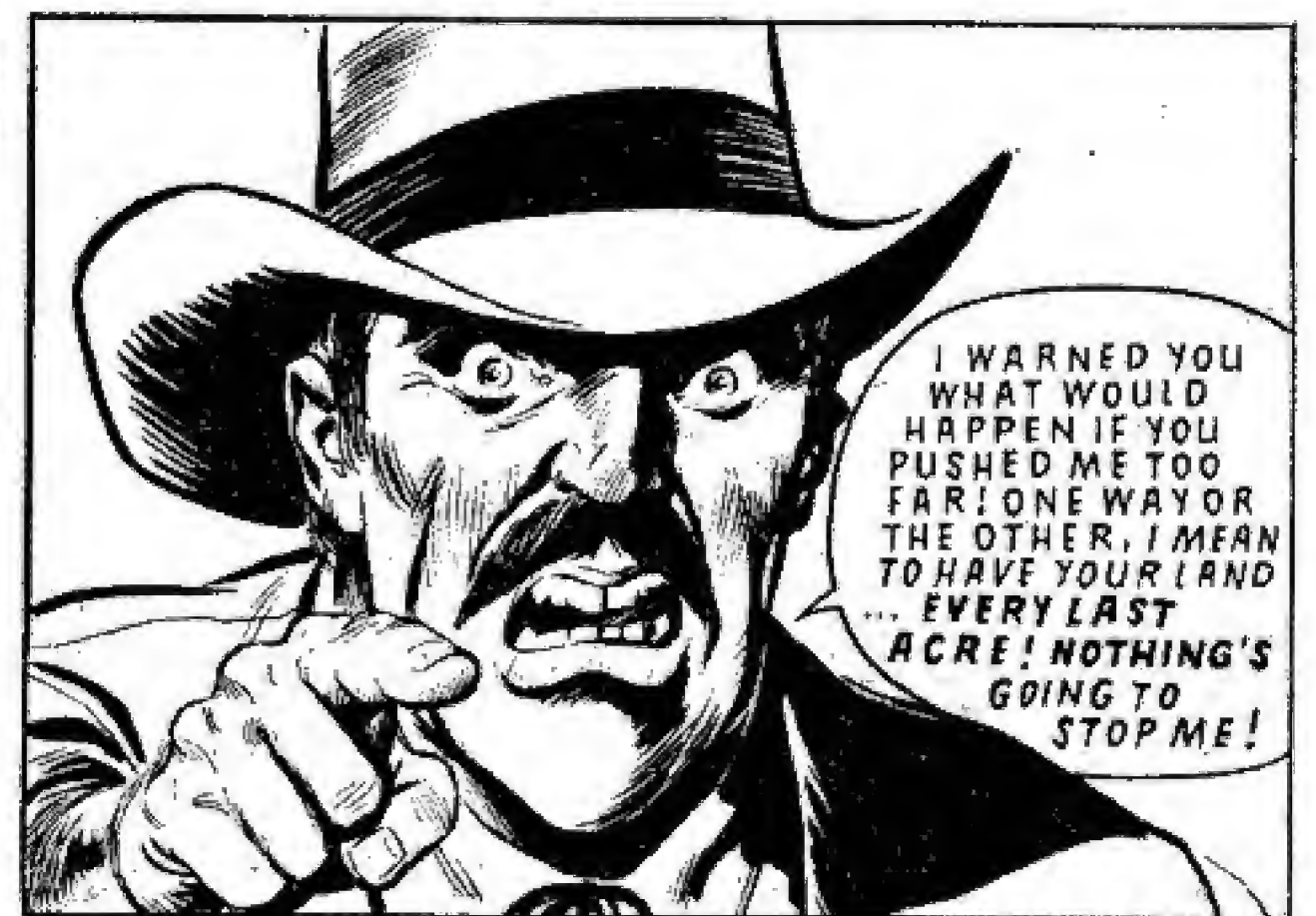
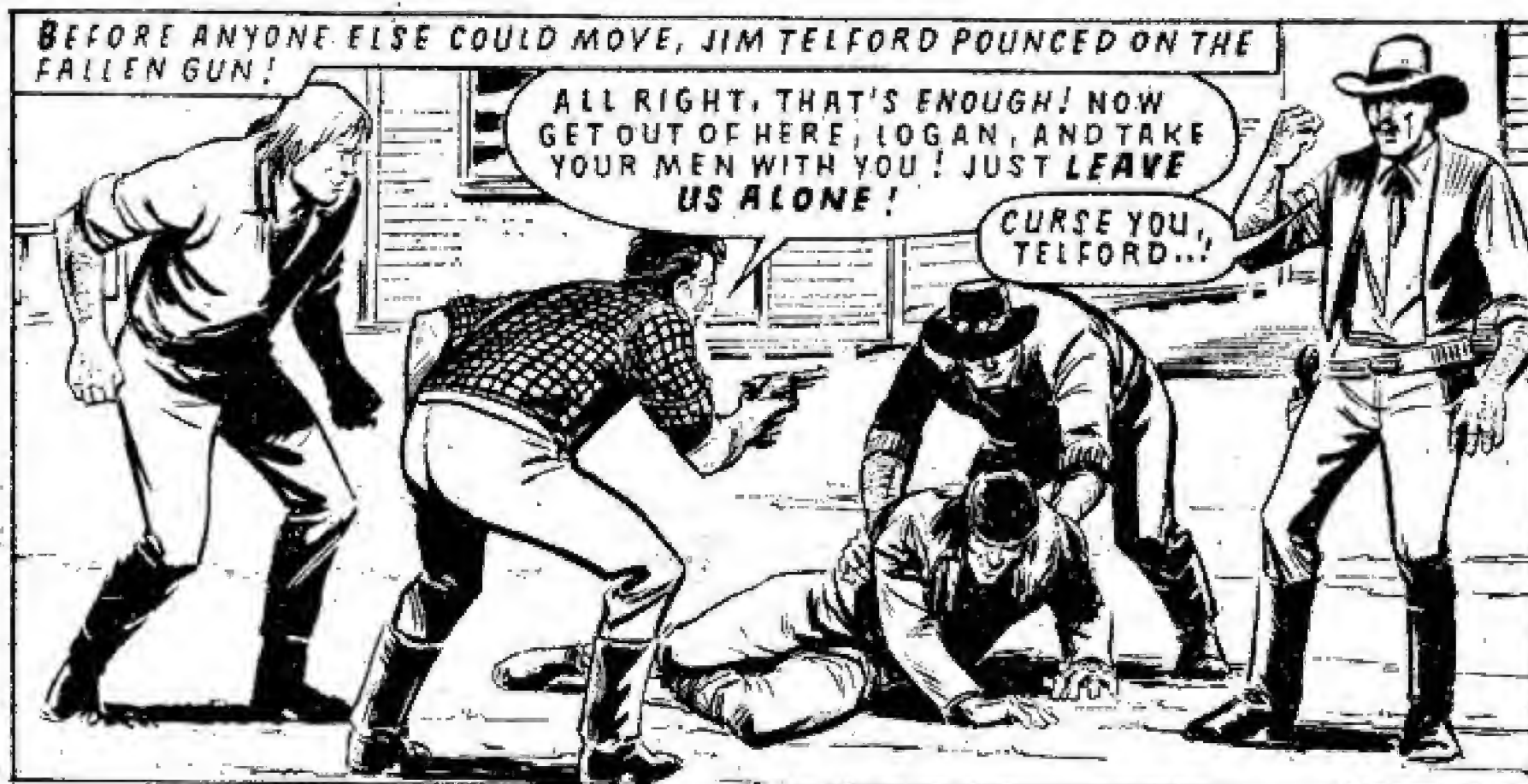
LOOK OUT, JIM...

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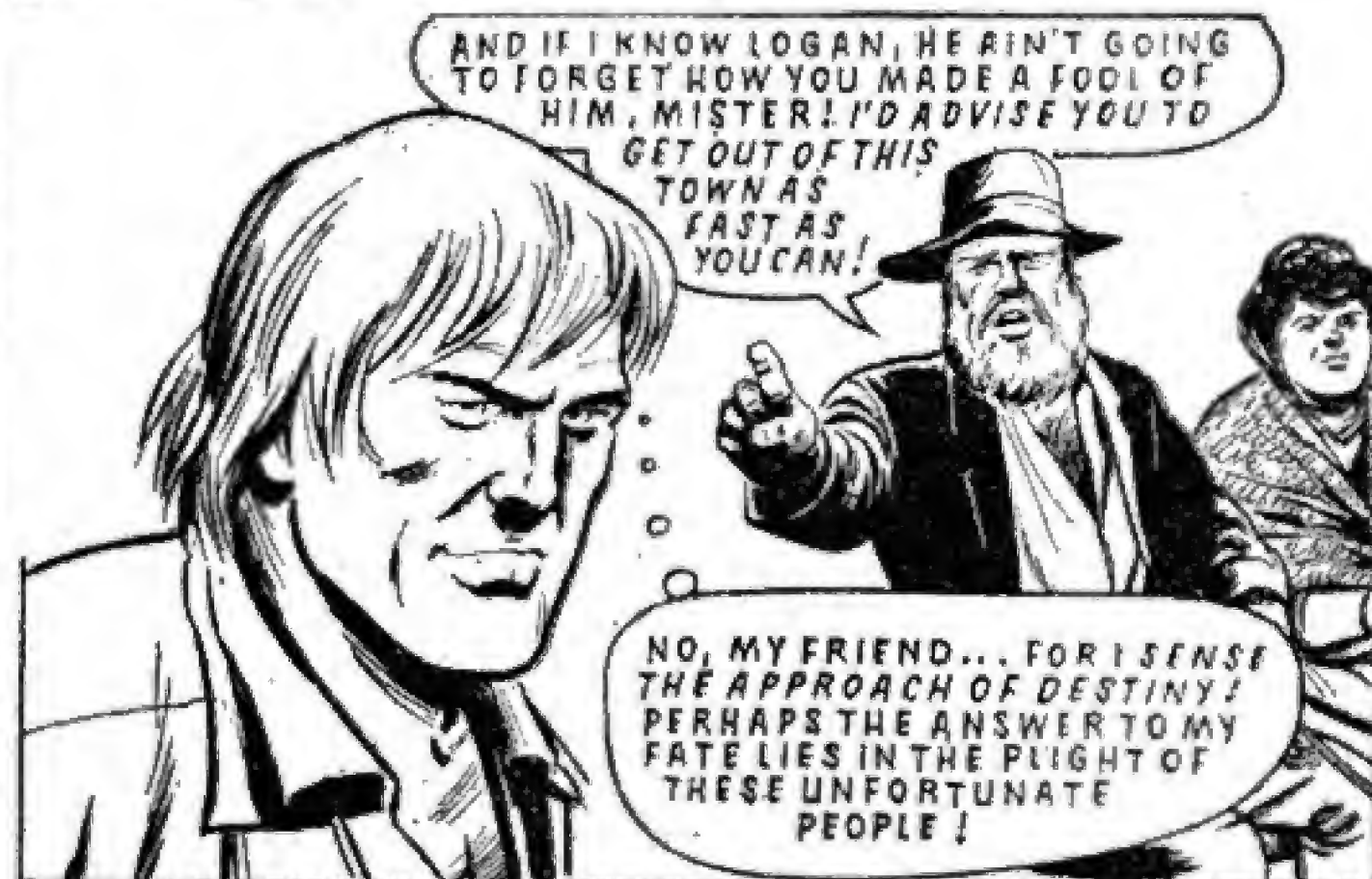
A salmon swims faster than the average man can run.



The most famous circus elephant in history, Jumbo, was killed by a train.

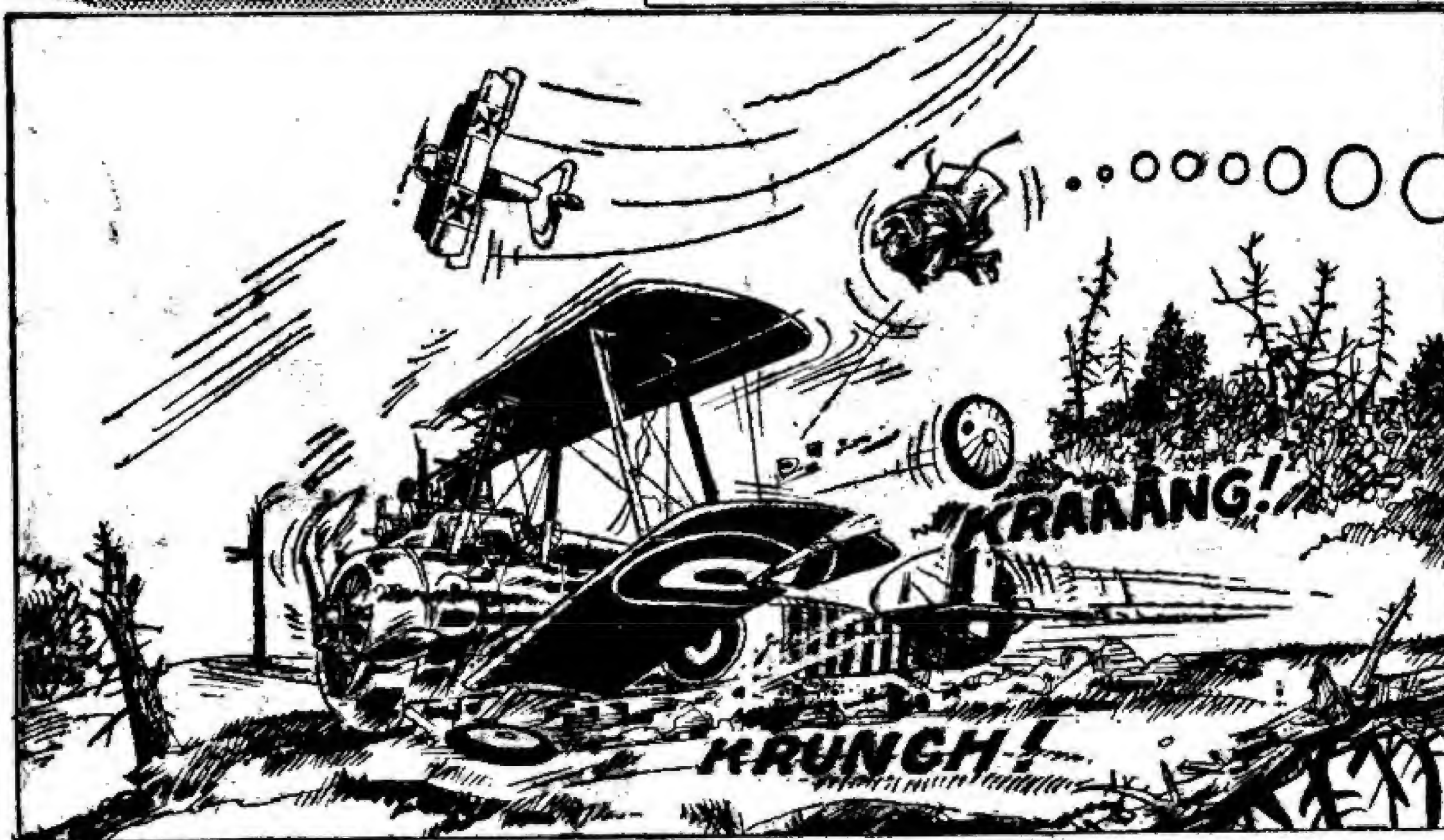


In the inky-black waters of Kentucky underground rivers, fish have no eyes.



HERE'S A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE FUTURE...

THAT'S TWO
OF THE GANG
OUT OF THE WAY,
KOKRI! BUT
WE'VE STILL
GOT TO SETTLE
WITH THEIR
LEADER, THE
DEADLY HOOD!



PHEW! LUCKY
I TRAINED AS A
CIRCUS
ACROBAT!
BUT EVEN THAT
MAY NOT BE
ENOUGH TO GET
ME OUT OF
THIS HOT-
SPOT!

IT'S ALL IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF...
THUNDER

ON SALE... SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14. 36 PAGES! 12 PAGES IN COLOUR! FIFTEEN FANTASTIC FEATURES!

THE PERIL OF BLACK BOG MOOR!

CLIFF HANGER



HIT THE ADVENTURE TRAIL WITH GLOBE-ROAMING CAPTAIN CLIFF HANGER AND HIS BLADE-THROWING GURKHA PAL, KUKRI! SHARE WITH THEM THEIR MOMENTS OF BREATHLESS PERIL! SEE IF YOU, TOO, CAN FIND A WAY OUT... WHEN ESCAPE SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

ALL DAY LONG, A WILD WINTER'S WIND HAD HOWLED LIKE A TORMENTED DEMON ACROSS THE DESOLATE TRACT OF UNTAMED LAND NAMED BLACK BOG MOOR...

BRR!
KUKRI! COLD!
NOT LIKE THIS
PLACE, CAPTAIN
CLIFF!

BLACK
BOG MOOR'S NOT
TO YOUR TASTE, EH,
OLD FRIEND? NOR
MINE!



LOOK! TWO
SETS OF FOOTPRINTS!
SILAS SLINKER HAS BEEN
THIS WAY WITH HIS
SERVANT, MAROG!

WE
FOLLOW?
CATCH THEM?
TURN OVER TO
POLICE! BRRR...
GO AWAY FROM
THIS PLACE!



THEY FOLLOWED THE
FOOTPRINTS FOR JUST
A FEW YARDS, THEN
SUDDENLY...

KUKRI!
WE'RE IN THE
BLACK BOG!
CAN'T...PULL
FREE!

FOOTPRINTS
TRICK US. WE
WALK INTO
TRAP!



SLOWLY, THE QUAGMIRE
SUCKED THE STRUGGLING
ADVENTURERS DEEPER...

WE'RE
DONE FOR, UNLESS...
KUKRI, THAT OLD DEAD
TREE! SEE HOW IT'S BEEN
LOOSENED BY THE WIND?
WITH YOUR BLADE
AND ROPE...

KUKRI
UNDERSTAND,
CAPTAIN!



THEY TIED THE ROPE TO
KUKRI'S KNIFE, AND -

BLADE
DUG IN NICE
AND DEEP!

GOOD!
NOW... IF WE
BOTH PULL
HARD...



TWO STRONG HEAVES ON THE
ROPE, AND THE OLD TREE
FELL ACROSS THE BOG...

YOU
GO FIRST,
KUKRI...

O.K.,
CAPTAIN
CLIFF...

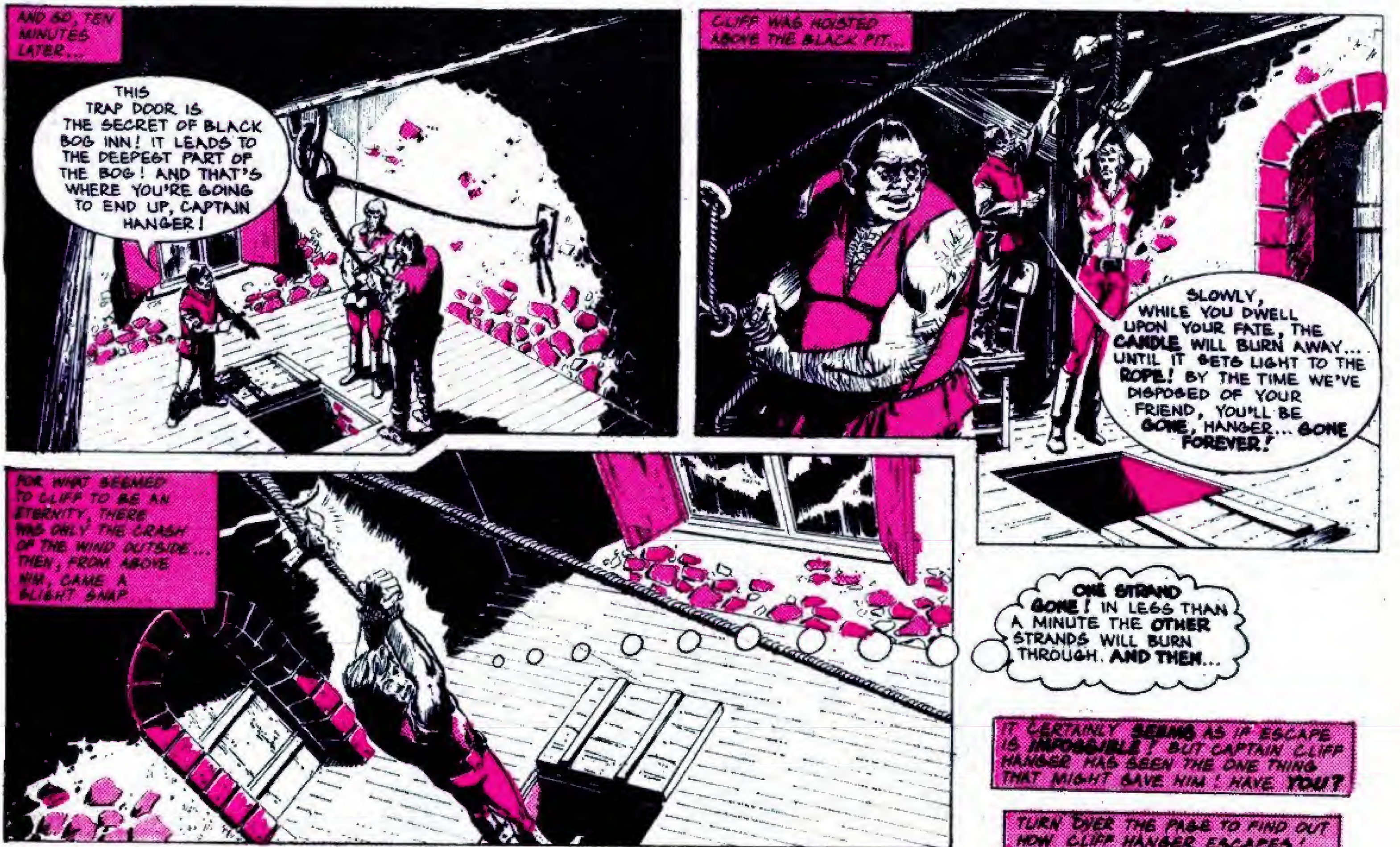


BUT AS THE GURKHA ADVENTURER REACHED
THE END OF THE FELLED TRUNK...

UNNH!

TREE'S
HALF SUNK
ALREADY! BUT
I SHOULD JUST
ABOUT MAKE
IT!

The tomato first reached Europe from South America in the 16th century.



A frog can only breathe with its mouth open.

SWIFTLY, CLIFF USED ONE FOOT TO LOOSEN A BOOT...



THEN CAME A POWERFUL KICK, AND...



AT THAT MOMENT OUTSIDE THE INN, SLINKER ALMOST BELIEVED THAT HE WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH A DEAD MAN...



KUKRI'S BELOVED BLADE WHIRLED THROUGH THE AIR, TRIPPING THE GIANT MORAG AS HE CHARGED...



THE CANDLE WAS SNUFFED OUT BY THE RAGING WIND THAT SWEEPED THE EVIL ROOM, THEN...



NO CHANCE TO SAVE HIM. HE TOO BIG AND HEAVY! SINK TOO QUICKLY!

HE'S GONE UNDER! HE... GANK... LIKE A STONE!



AND SO, WHEN KUKRI HAD CUT CLIFF FREE, ANOTHER ADVENTURE CAME TO AN END...

EVIL ONES NOT SEE I LIE ON SOFT GROUND. TREE BRUISE BUT NOT CRUSH ME!

I THOUGHT AND HOPED IT WAS SO. BUT I DIDN'T DARE SAY ANYTHING! YOU WERE LUCKY, OLD FRIEND. BUT THEN IN OUR BUSINESS, BOTH OF US NEED TO BE!

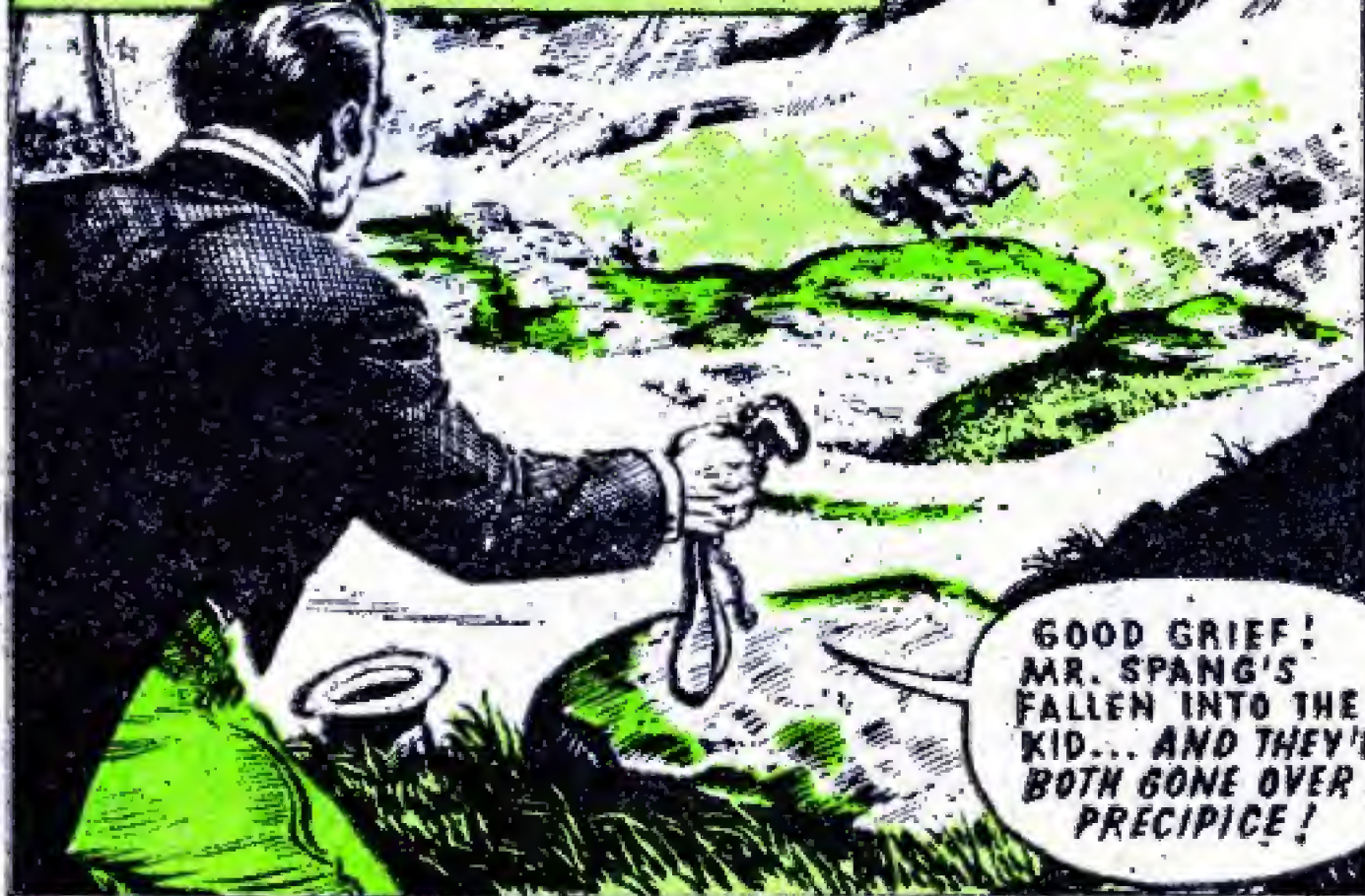


FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE BRUTAL CIRCUS-BOSS!

Fury's Family



THE BOY CALLED FURY HAD ESCAPED WITH HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS FROM ARCHER SPANG, THE CALLOUS CIRCUS OWNER, AND HIDDEN IN A SECRET VALLEY DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS. WHEN SPANG AND HIS RINGMASTER CAME AFTER HIM, FURY LED THEM OFF. HE WAS CLOSE TO CAPTURE WHEN A RESCUE BID BY CHANG, THE GORILLA, MISFIRED!



GOOD GRIEF! MR. SPANG'S FALLEN INTO THE KID... AND THEY'VE BOTH GONE OVER A PRECIPICE!

THE AIR SANG DIZZILY IN FURY'S EARS...



YEEAAAGH!

THEN, WITH BREATH-ROBBING FORCE...



GNNNNFF!

THUDD!

ARMS WINDMILLING, ARCHER SPANG TOPPLED SLOWLY OUTWARDS...



NO! OH, NO!

EVEN AS THE MAN FELL...



AAAAHHH!

UGH! FURY... CANNOT WISH SUCH A FATE... EVEN FOR YOU!

BUT THE WEIGHT OF SPANG'S BODY DRAGGED THE BOY SIDWAYS...



YIEEE! MUST... LOCK MY MUSCLES!

FURY HUNG THERE BY SHEER ANIMAL STRENGTH... DANGLING HELPLESSLY OVER THE DEATH DROP!



OH, MY STARS! WH... WHAT CAN I DO...?

GO! AND TAKE SPANG'S DOG WITH YOU, SPINELESS ONE! YOU CAN BE OF NO HELP HERE!

DON'T! DON'T LEAVE ME, PURKISS!



THE KID'S RIGHT... THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO! AND... AND THAT GORILLA'S ON THE PROWL...

CRAVEN COWARD THAT HE WAS, THE RINGMASTER FLED...



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The kiwi of New Zealand is the world's only wingless bird



Snakes, having no legs, actually walk on their ribs.

FURY'S FRIENDS KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO...



THAT'S IT! TAKE... SOME OF THE STRAIN...

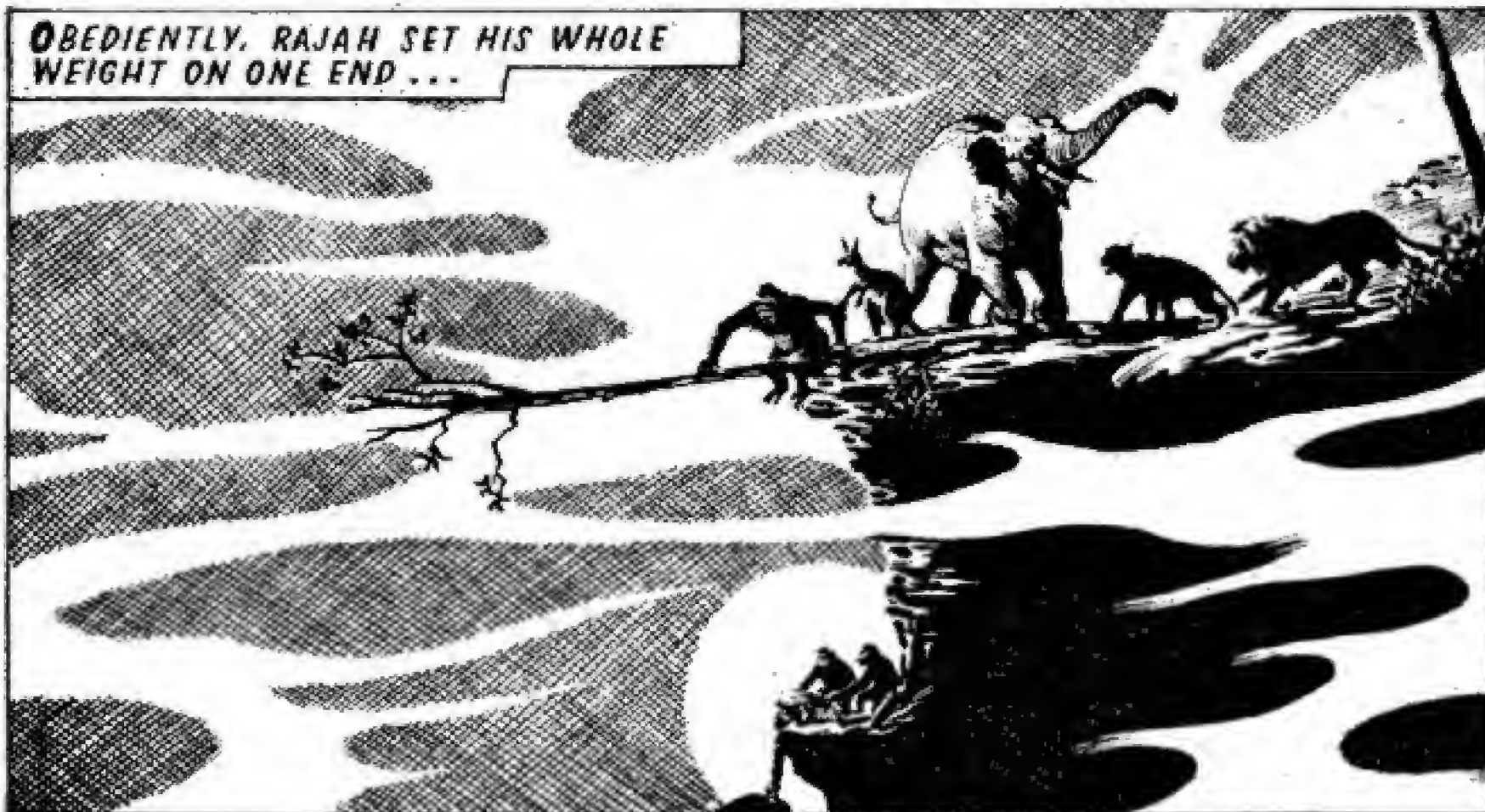


NOW CHANG FOUND A STOUT SAPLING, SNAPPED IT, AND BROUGHT IT TO THE CLIFF EDGE...

UUURGA!



OBEDIENTLY, RAJAH SET HIS WHOLE WEIGHT ON ONE END...



CHANG SWUNG HIMSELF DOWN...



HURROOO! GN0000OR!



AS CHANG CAME WITHIN REACH...



UHHH! YOU-YOU DID IT!

SECONDS LATER, RAJAH HAULED THEM ALL TO SAFETY...



ARCHER SPANG WAS THE FIRST TO RECOVER...



KID... THIS IS HARD FOR A MAN LIKE ME TO SAY... BUT YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

IF YOU MEAN THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER MY ENEMY, FURY IS GLAD!

GREAT! THEN WITH YOUR TALENT, MY CIRCUS IS GONNA BE REAL BIG! COME BACK TO THE CIRCUS, FURY... TOP WAGES! WHADDYA SAY?

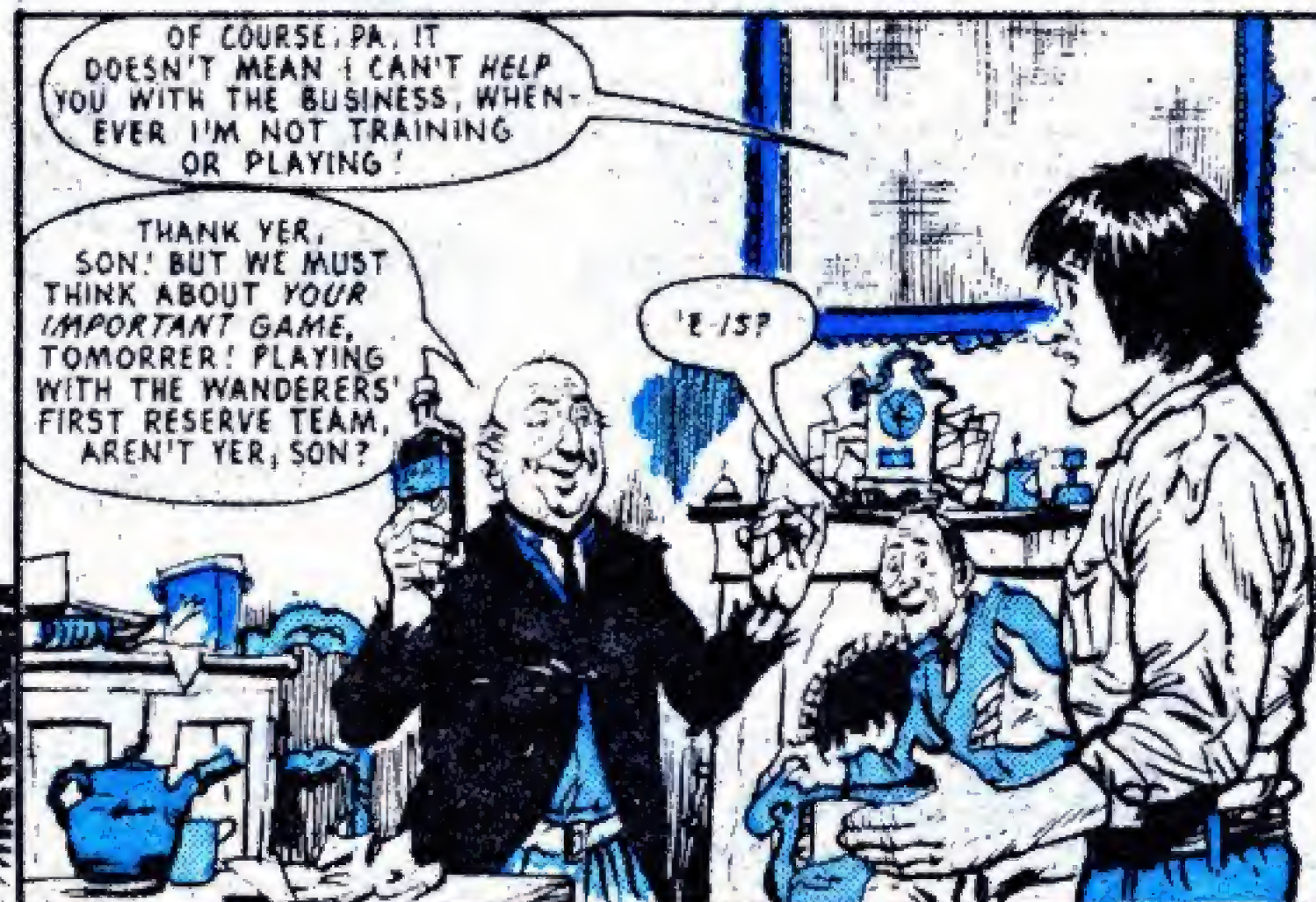


WILL FURY BE FORCED TO RETURN TO THE LIFE HE HATES? SEE NEXT WEEK!

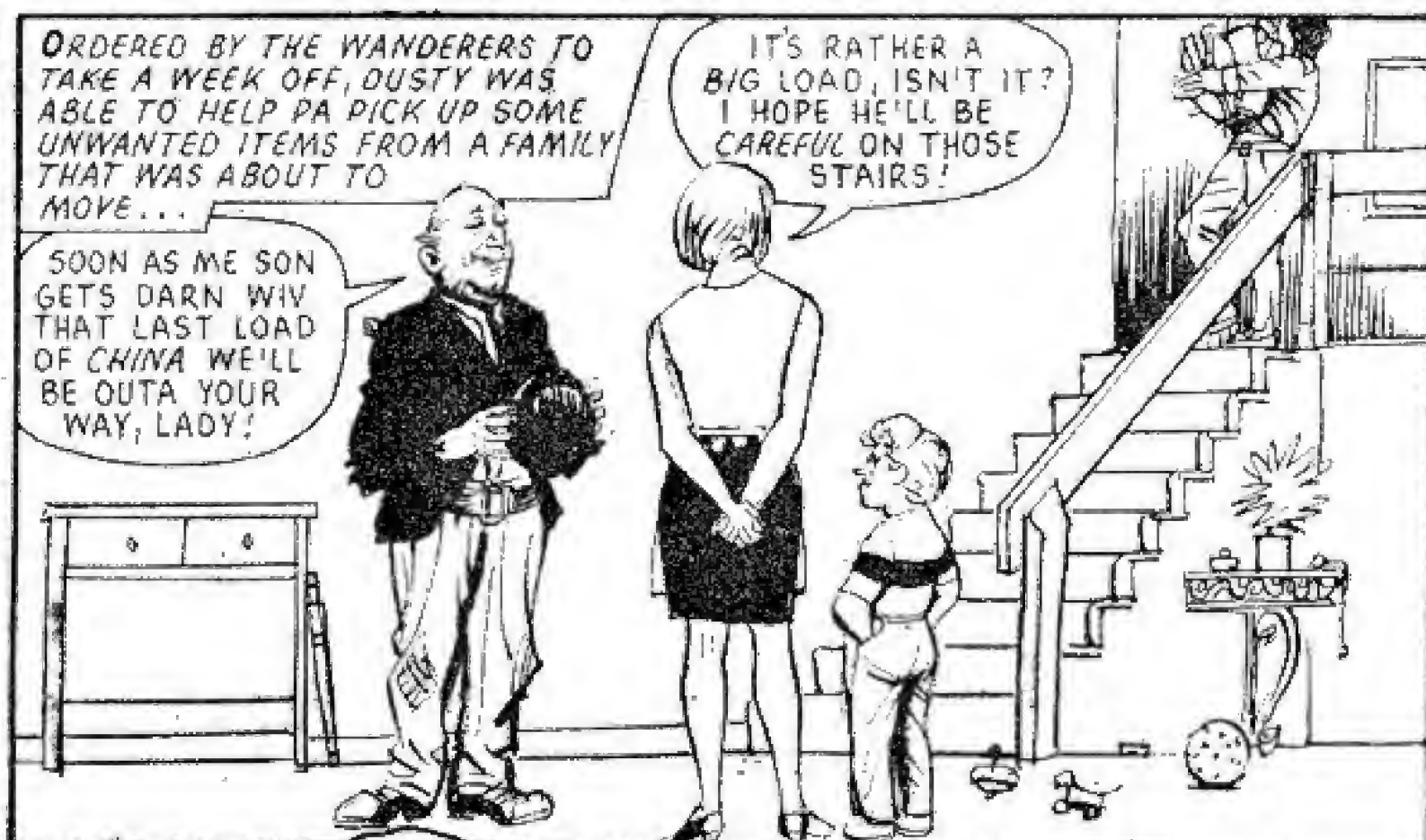
SCHEMER SID WANTS HIS SON OUT OF THE TEAM!

Dusty Binns

SID BINNS WAS VERY PROUD OF BEING THE OWNER OF A RAG-AND-BONE BUSINESS BUT NOT AT ALL PROUD OF THE FACT THAT HIS SON, DUSTY, HAD SIGNED ON AS A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER. SO PA DECIDED TO SCHEME DUSTY BACK INTO THE FAMILY BUSINESS. CUNNINGLY, PA BINNS PRETENDED HE'D CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT DUSTY'S FOOTBALL CAREER...



The 'yo-yo' toy is South American. The name means 'me, me'.



PHIL'S GONE BARMY...HE'S TAKEN ON THE ARMY!

PHIL THE FLUTER

PHIL TAYLOR DISCOVERED AN OLD TIN WHISTLE WHICH POSSESSED STRANGE POWERS. WHENEVER PHIL PLAYED A CERTAIN NOTE EVERYONE WITHIN HEARING EXCEPT HIMSELF BECAME FROZEN LIKE A STATUE... AND REMEMBERED NOTHING ABOUT IT. AFTERWARDS PHIL THOUGHT HE HAD CAUSED SOME DAMAGE WHEN A BALL HE WAS KICKING WENT THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...

CRUMBS! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING BREAK!

NO! IT WAS JUST THOSE POTS AND PANS FALLING!

WHO DID THIS? WHAT A MESS!

I'LL LOSE MY BALL IF I DON'T ASK FOR IT BACK, BUT I DON'T RECKON SHE'D GIVE IT TO ME ANYWAY, PHIL! SHE LOOKS DEAD ANGRY!

THE TIN WHISTLE CAN HELP HERE...

PWHEEEEEEP-
PWHEEEEEEP...

TIME SEEMED TO STAND STILL FOR EVERYONE EXCEPT PHIL...

I'LL JUST ABOUT HAVE TIME TO CLEAN THINGS UP BEFORE THE EFFECTS WEAR OFF!

THERE! THAT'S FIXED IT!

BEFORE HE CAME OUT, PHIL TOOK A FLOWER FROM THE VASE...

HERE'S A PRESENT, MA'AM... TO CHEER YOU UP WHEN YOU COME BACK TO NORMAL...

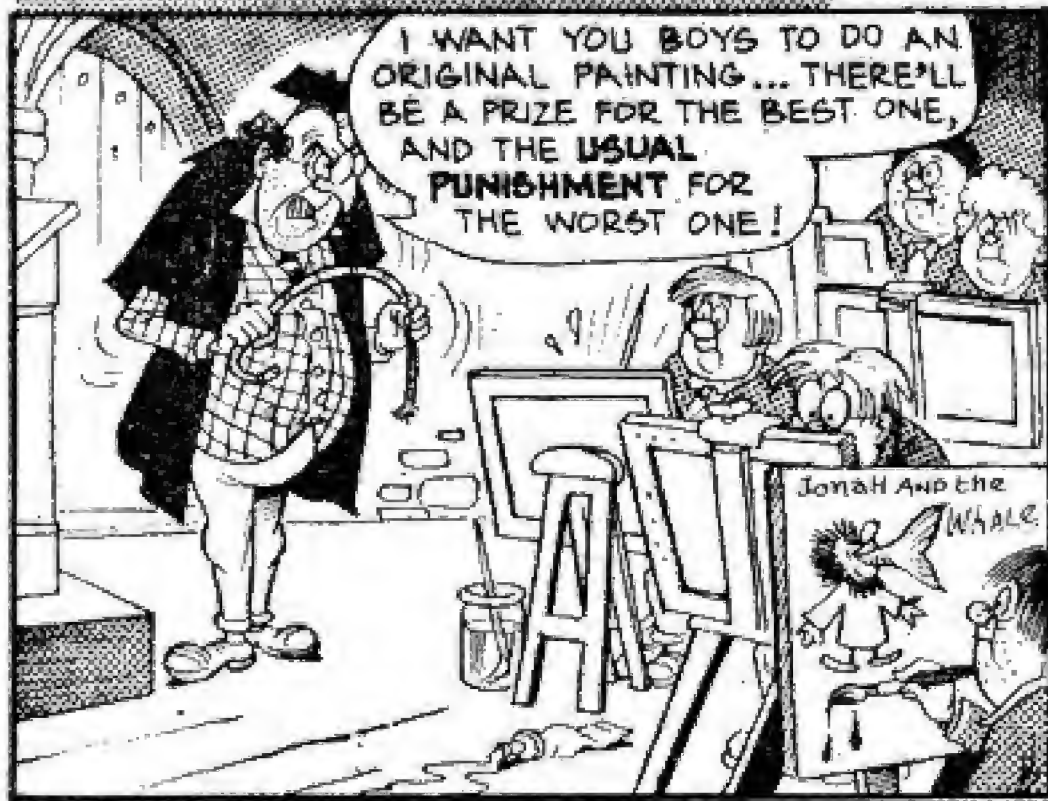
A MOMENT LATER...

HOW-HOW DID THIS FLOWER GET INTO MY HAND? GOODNESS ME, I MUST BE HAVING ONE OF MY FUNNY TURNS. I'M SURE I SAW THE POTS AND PANS ALL OVER THE PLACE JUST NOW!

Slot machines were first used in Ancient Greece.



GHOSTLY BRUSHWORK LANDS SPOTTY IN TROUBLE!



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE JET-SKATES RUN OUT OF POWER?



THE JET-SKATEERS



JIMMY AND PETER CLARKE, GORDON STONE AND ANDY JACKSON WERE GIVEN SUPER JET-POWERED ROLLER SKATES BY ANDY'S AMERICAN UNCLE... AND THEY CALLED THEMSELVES "THE JET-SKATEERS". THEY WENT TO THE SEASIDE FOR A PICNIC BUT WHEN THEY FLEW OUT TO AN ISLAND, THE POWER OF THEIR SKATES FADED... AND THEY WERE MARoonED!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE SKATES CONKING OUT ON US!

IT'S LUCKY WE BROUGHT SOME FOOD!

WE OUGHT TO LIGHT A FIRE... THERE'S PLENTY OF DRIFTWOOD. THEN WE CAN DRY OURSELVES...



HOW DO WE LIGHT A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES YOU DAPT' APORHTH?

YOU CAN DO IT BY RUBBING TWO STICKS TOGETHER! I'VE READ ABOUT IT...

HA, HA, HA! YOU'D BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU READ!



HEY, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

IT'S SMOKE!

IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK!



HEY... YOU'VE GOT A FIRE GOING, JIMMY!

HOW DID YOU GET IT TO LIGHT?

LIKE I SAID... RUBBING TWO PIECES OF WOOD TOGETHER. I SUPPOSE I WAS A BIT LUCKY... BUT IT WORKED AT ONCE!



WE'D BETTER START THINKING ABOUT GETTING OFF THIS ISLAND. THEY'LL BE WORRIED AT HOME IF WE DON'T TURN UP!

OUR CLOTHES ARE DRY, ANYWAY, THAT'S SOMETHING!

THANKS TO ME!



I CAN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF A BOAT...

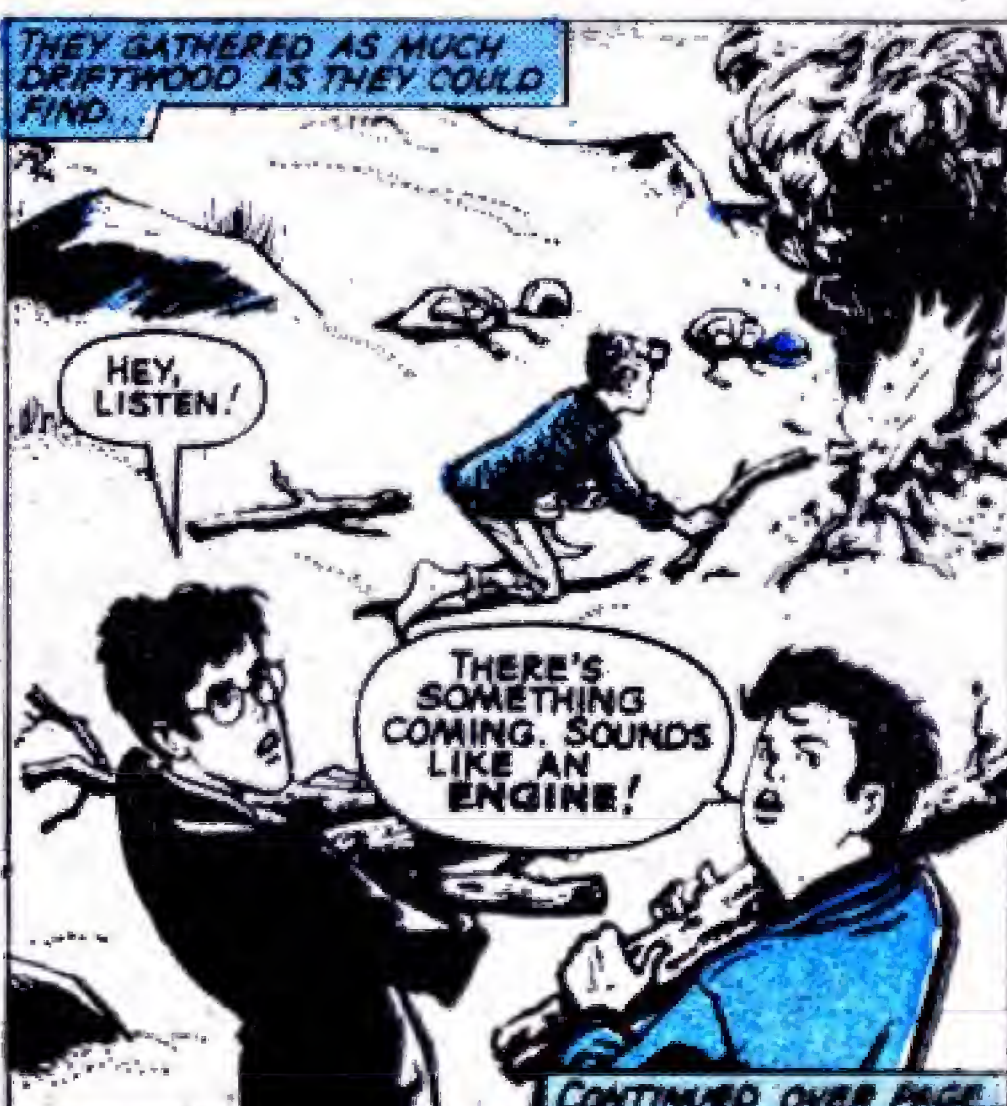
WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING YOUR SKATES ON FOR, CRACKERS?

WHO KNOWS... THEY MAY WORK AGAIN! THEY MIGHT JUST HAVE RUN DOWN BECAUSE WE'D USED 'EM SO MUCH. THEY MIGHT GET THEIR POWER BACK AFTER THEY'VE HAD A REST!



LET HIM GO... HE'S ALWAYS GETTING CRACKPOT IDEAS.

IF WE WAIT UNTIL IT'S REALLY DARK, SOMEONE WILL SEE OUR FIRE!



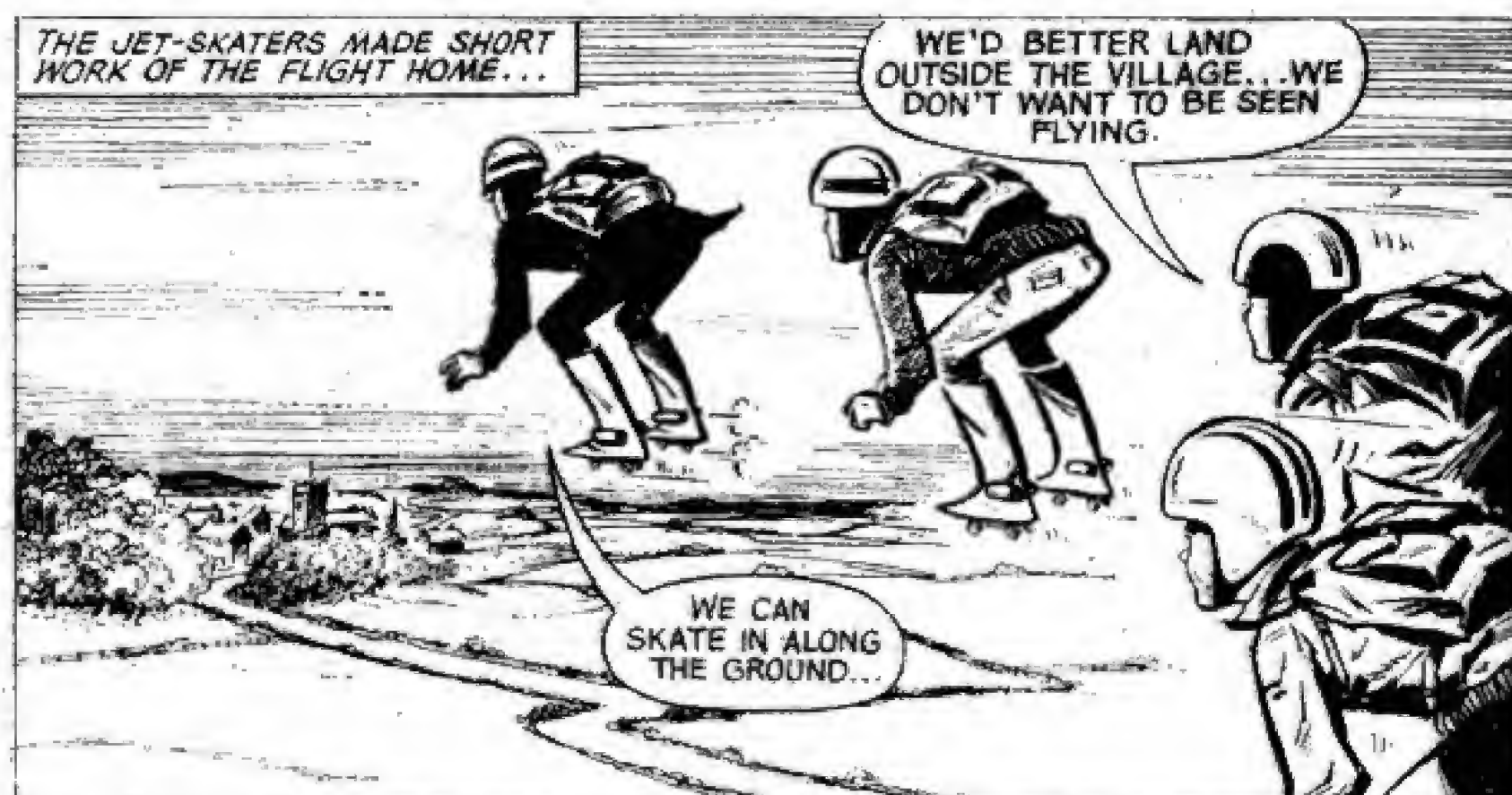
THEY GATHERED AS MUCH DRIFTWOOD AS THEY COULD FIND.

HEY, LISTEN!

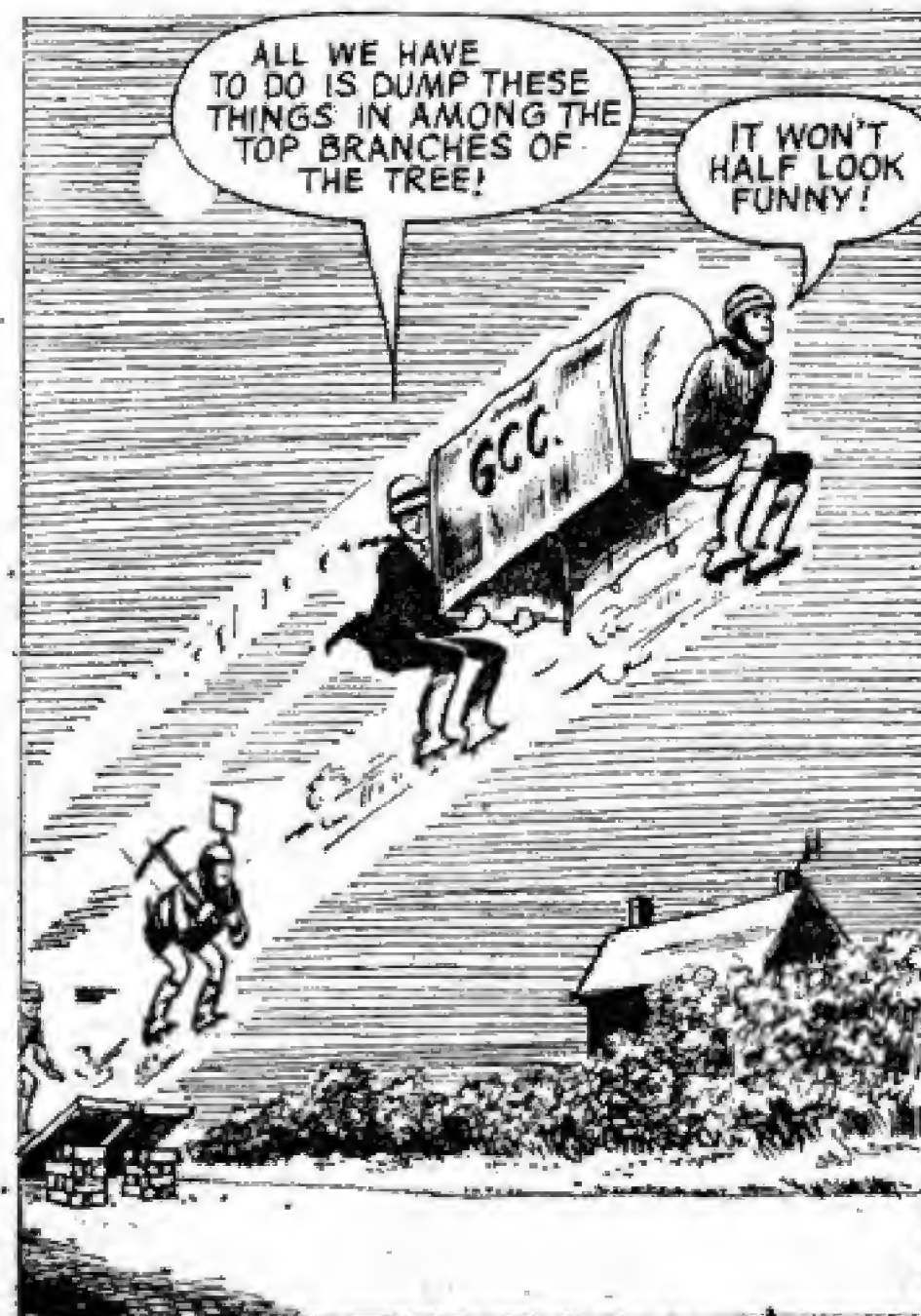
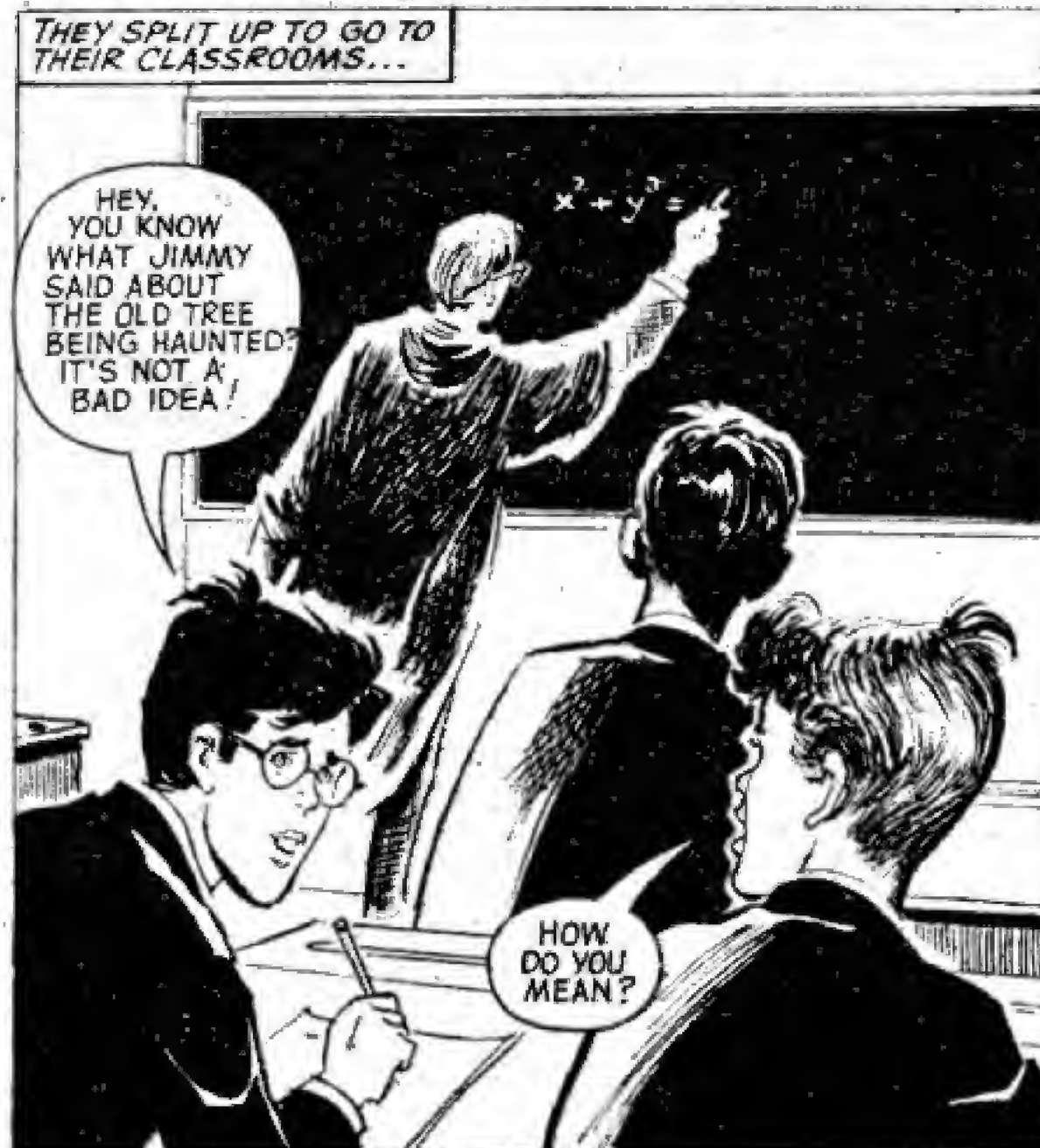
THERE'S SOMETHING COMING. SOUNDS LIKE AN ENGINE!

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A Frenchman grew his moustache to the record length of twelve feet.



A successful submarine was built by an American called Bushnell in 1775.



"SEND 'EM IN!" SAYS SAM



£1 — for you!
That's what I'll pay for any letters, jokes, rhymes, riddles, or anything else that I pick to be printed on this page. Send 'em in to: Sam, "Thunder", Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 . . . and let me know your three favourite stories, too!

STAR LETTER

Dear Sam,

I love going to the circus and I always enjoy the animal acts. They look so proud and dignified as they stride around the ring. But then, I can't help feeling rather sad for them. They are made to sit on stools and do things they wouldn't normally do out in the jungle. It's just so we humans can have a giggle and be entertained. What do other readers think about this?

Murphy Towler, Dublin

EMBARRASSED!

Dear Sam,

Sometimes, in school, our teacher—after setting a problem—points to someone to answer it. When he points to me, and even if I know the answer, I get very embarrassed, just because everybody is looking at me. I wonder if other readers have had this difficulty, and if so, what do they do about it?

Terry Wilding,
London E.17

The Chimney Collector!

Dear Sam,

I bet most other Thunder readers have many varied hobbies. Well, I reckon I've thought of something completely original. I collect chimney-pots! You see . . . er . . . that is, I note down each pot I see into a little book, and add a quick sketch of it. To prove how many sorts there are, I noted sixty different chimney-pots on a half-mile stretch of road! There's just one hitch . . . I can't think of a good name for my hobby!

John Seaton,
Wolverhampton



I MET A METEORITE!

Dear Sam,

A meteorite fell in my garden last night and split in half! It was almost round, about one inch across, and is composed of very compressed, needle-shaped crystals, radiating outwards from a hole at the centre. Have any other readers found larger meteorites?

Tom Meddings, Ayr

SAM SAYS:

In addition to the letters I've already printed up to this week, and the hundreds of communications that reach me every day . . . about your hobbies, your exciting experiences, your school adventures . . . in addition to all those, I've received a few letters actually commenting on the stories and features in Thunder! Below, is a selection of these letters . . .

"I think that the Steel Commando is great fun. Why did you have two different ways of drawing him in issues 1 and 2?" . . . Nelson Ostley, Birmingham. (SAM SAYS: The changing of artists was to see which style you readers prefer! As you'll have noticed, we've got yet another illustrator on that strip in this issue. Which artist do you like best?)

"The idea of printing the 'frozen' pictures from the Phil the Flutter story in black-and-white is a great innovation! In fact, I think your whole staff of colourists should be given gold medals!" . . . Bob Daniels, Weymouth. (SAM SAYS: I agree with you. They do deserve some kind of reward!)

"My favourite adventure story is Adam Eternu, and I also enjoy the Phil strip a lot. But I noticed a mistake in the first episode. On the left-hand page, his hair is coloured brown, and then, on the right-hand page, his hair is just black and white! Why was that?" . . .

Robin Morris, Epsom. (SAM SAYS: That was a mistake! No gold medals for the colouring artist!)

"The atmosphere in Fury's Family was very well portrayed, both script- and story-wise. I simply can't wait to see what happens to them in Fury's Valley. And the situation in which Captain Cliff Hanger and Kukri found themselves was great! I also think that the name of Captain Cliff's partner is very original. How did you dream up that name, 'Kukri'?" . . . Scott Allen, London, S.W.7. (SAM SAYS: Do any other Thunder fans know the answer to Scott's query?)

THE DIGGERS

Dear Sam,

As I am interested in archaeology, I was very excited when the remains of a Roman Hut Settlement were discovered a few years ago near my home. Some friends had already dug up a complete skeleton and items of pottery so I decided to start excavating myself! I was very lucky! I found a lot more pottery, many more bones, and also some articles made of iron and bronze. My most prized discovery was a Roman Coin! All of these finds are now in a local Museum.

Jack Worth, Surrey

SAM SAYS: I hope the coin wasn't dated "B.C."!

BAPTISM BY FIRE!

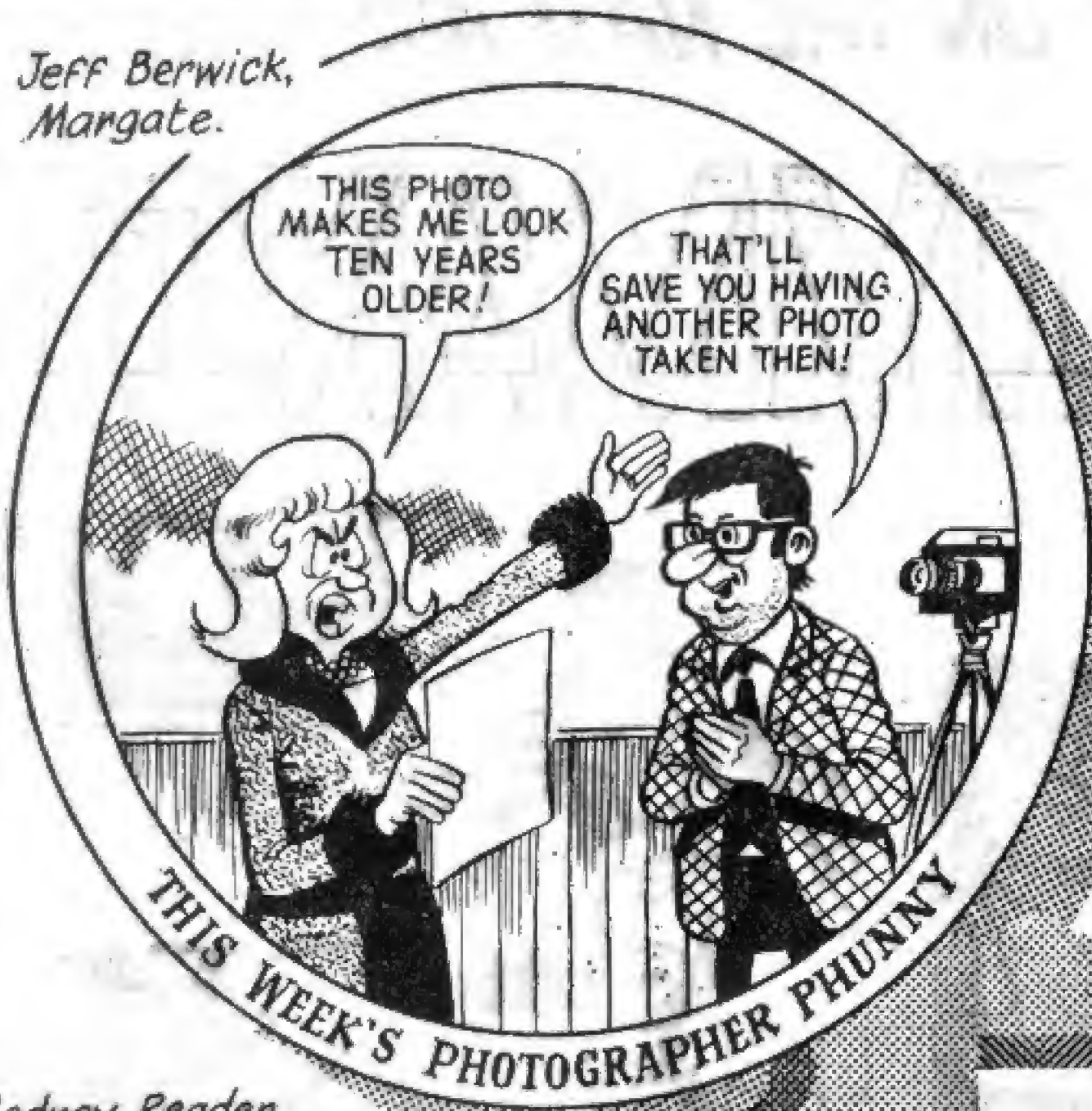
Dear Sam,

Last summer holidays, at the seaside, I spent most of my time in the woods not far from the beach. One day, while I was out walking, I saw a raging brush-wood fire. I ran to the nearest telephone box and dialled for the fire-engines. They soon arrived and quickly put out the flames. When the chief-fireman learnt how I had raised the alarm, he was so pleased that he showed me around the town's fire-stations! And now . . . I want to be a fireman!

Derek Anderson, Northumberland



Jeff Berwick,
Margate.



THIS WEEK'S PHOTOGRAPHER PHUNNY

Bill Softall,
Barking.



THIS WEEK'S BUILDING BIT

Rodney Reader,
Goole, Yorkshire.



THIS WEEK'S OFFICE OUTRAGE

SAM PICKS HIS TOP GAGS

£1 for any jokes that I think our artist would like to draw. Roll 'em in, pals! Let's make Sam's Spot a real cracker!

Guy Freidrich,
Manchester.



THIS WEEK'S WALLPAPER WHEEZE

Cyril Jones,
Bristol.



THIS WEEK'S CLOCKMAKER'S CHUCKLE

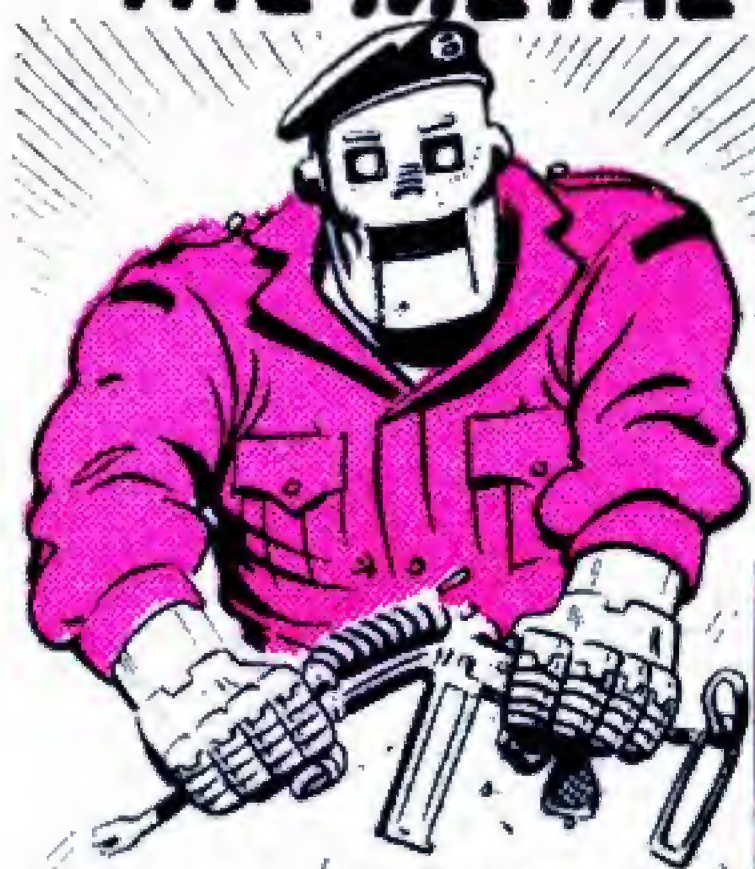
Ned Williams,
Southend.



THIS WEEK'S MAGICAL MIRTH-MAKER

THE METAL WARRIOR TAKES ON THE NAZI AIR-FORCE!

STEEL COMMANDO



DURING WORLD WAR II, LANCE-CORPORAL ERNIE 'EXCUSED BOOTS' BATES, THE LAZIEST MAN IN THE ARMY, WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF THE SECRET WEAPON KNOWN AS THE STEEL COMMANDO BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONLY MAN FROM WHOM THE ROBOT WOULD TAKE ORDERS!



HEY, IRONSIDES! SEE IF MY EGGS ARE DONE, WILL YOU?

GETTING NO REPLY, ERNIE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET.

THE BOFFINS ARE MESSING ABOUT WITH THE ROBOT'S CONTROL CIRCUITS AGAIN—IT'S TIME THEY KNEW THEY CAN'T HANDLE HIM WITHOUT ME!



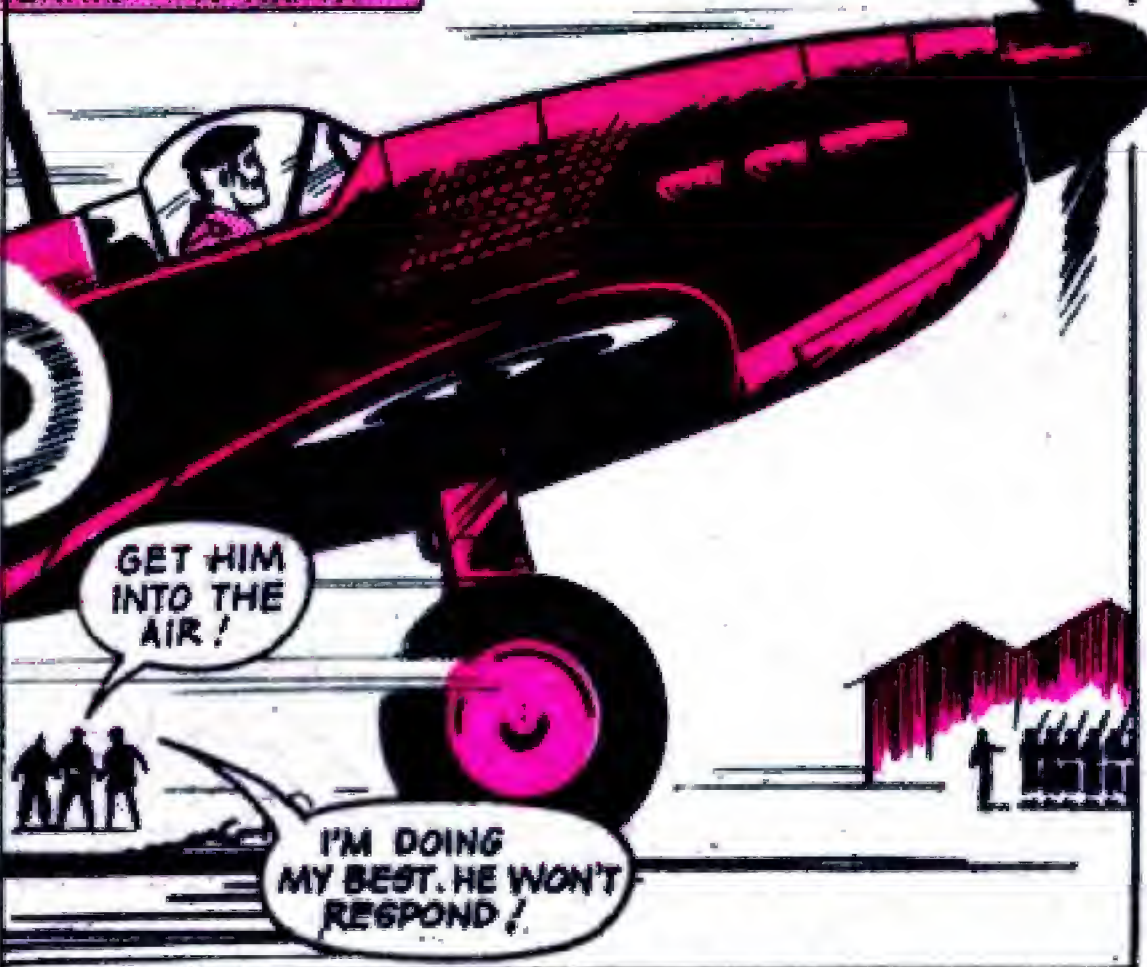
ERNIE DASHED OUT, PROTESTING...

'ERE! I'M IN CHARGE OF THE STEEL COMMANDO! THAT'S WHY I WAS GIVEN THIS STRIPE

AT EASE, BATES. THE R.A.F. HAVE ASKED TO DO SOME EXPERIMENTS TO SEE IF THE ROBOT COULD BE PROGRAMMED TO FLY A PLANE!



IT SOON SEEMED THAT ERNIE WAS RIGHT



GET HIM INTO THE AIR!

I'M DOING MY BEST. HE WON'T RESPOND!

IT WON'T WORK. HE WON'T DO ANYTHING FOR ANYBODY EXCEPT ME!



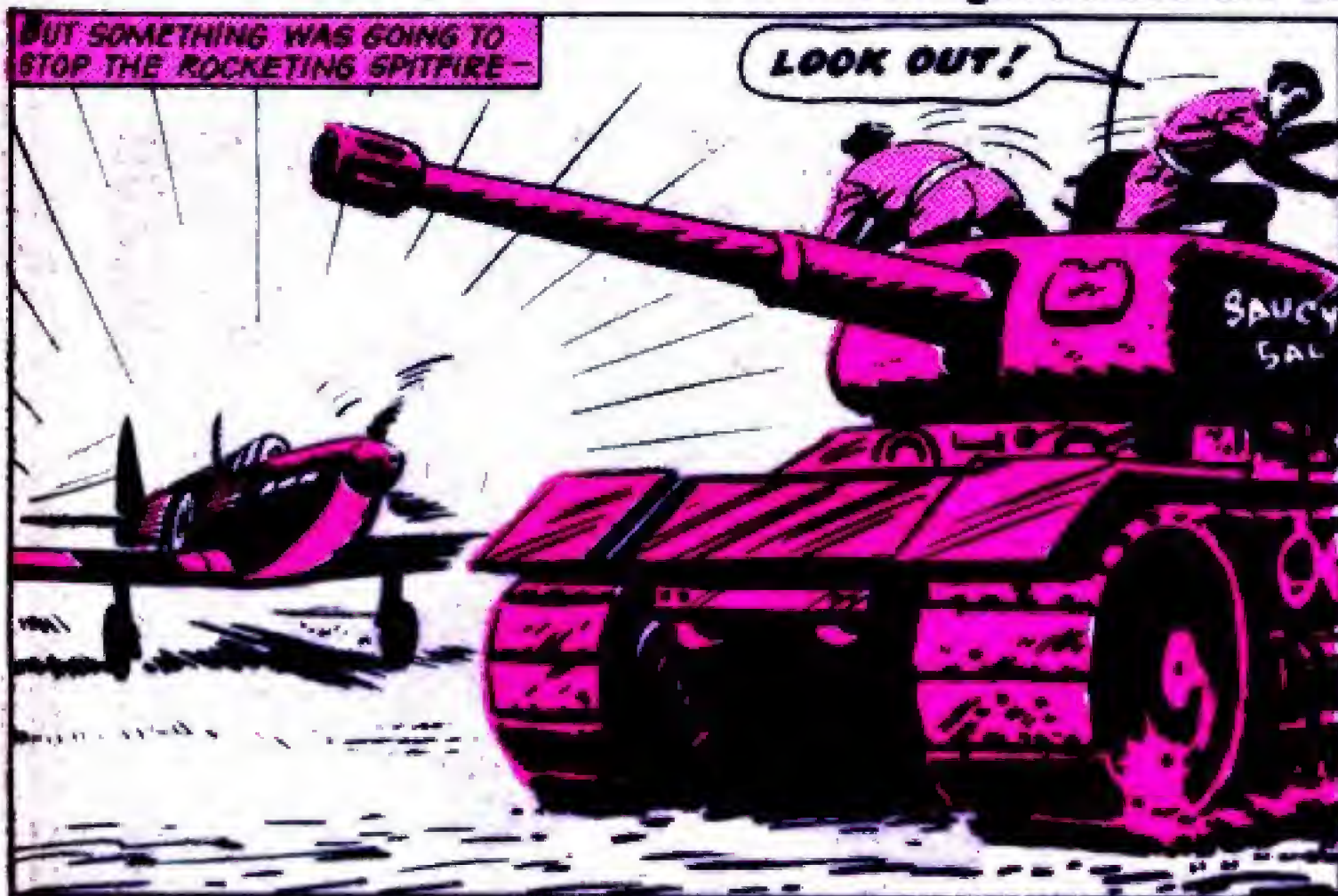
THE ROBOT-PILOTED PLANE ROARED STRAIGHT INTO A SQUAD OF MEN...



QUICK! SCATTER!

The first flight across the English Channel lasted 37 minutes.

BUT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO STOP THE ROCKETING SPITFIRE—



THE INDESTRUCTIBLE ROBOT SEEMED ONLY SLIGHTLY DAZED



YOUR POOR OLD CIRCUITS MUST BE PROPER SHOOK UP, IRONSIDES. COME AND HAVE A NICE LIE DOWN!

I BET THEM HAIR-CREAM BOYS FROM THE R.A.F. WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN! A BIT OF OIL, OLD COCK! DOES THAT FEEL BETTER?

MUCH EASIER THANK YOU, ERNIE.

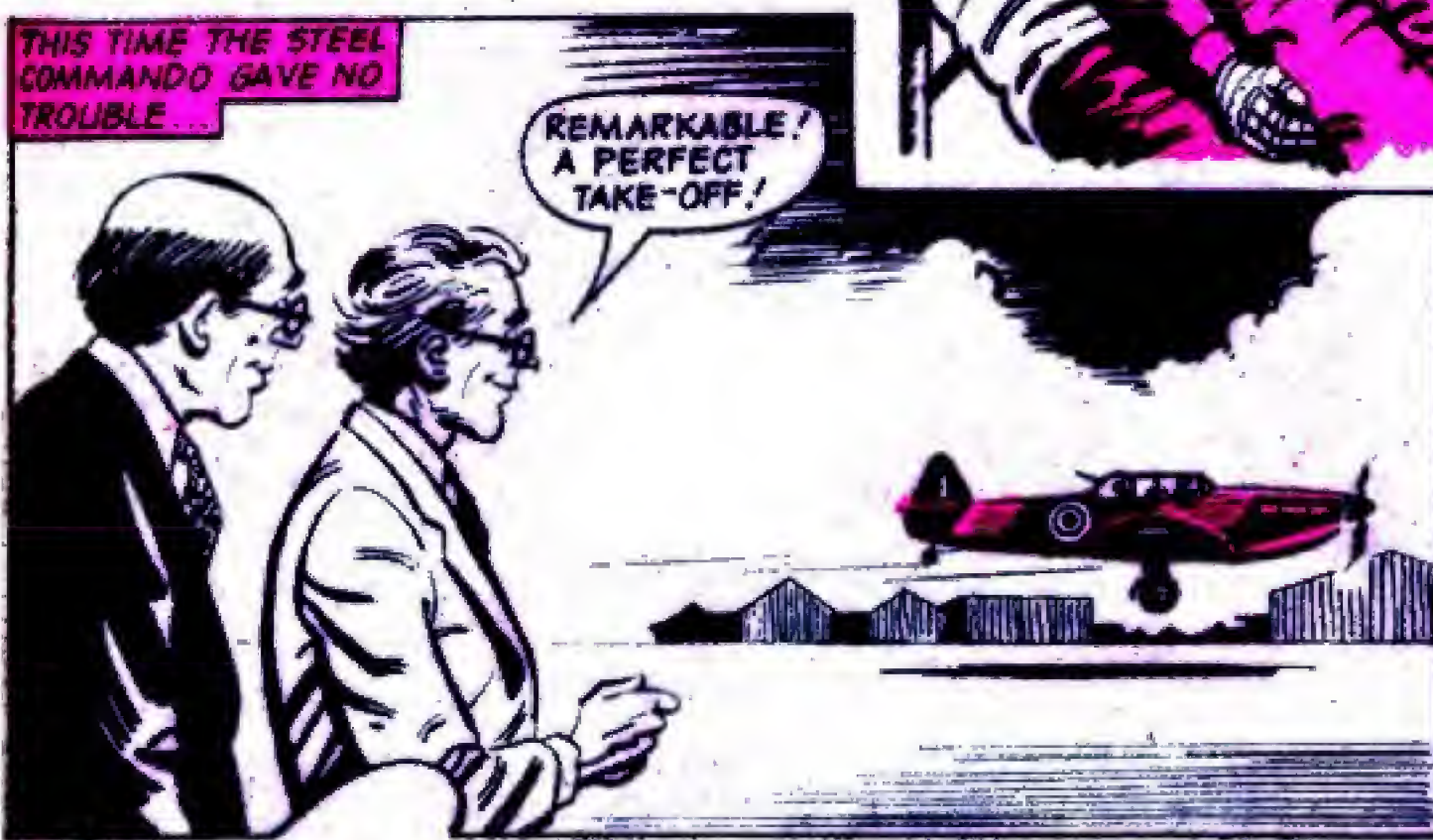


BUT THE R.A.F. DIDN'T GIVE UP.



THEY WANT TO TRY AGAIN, BATES. THIS TIME WITH A TWO-SEATER PLANE, SO THAT YOU CAN GO ALONG TOO!

THIS TIME THE STEEL COMMANDO GAVE NO TROUBLE



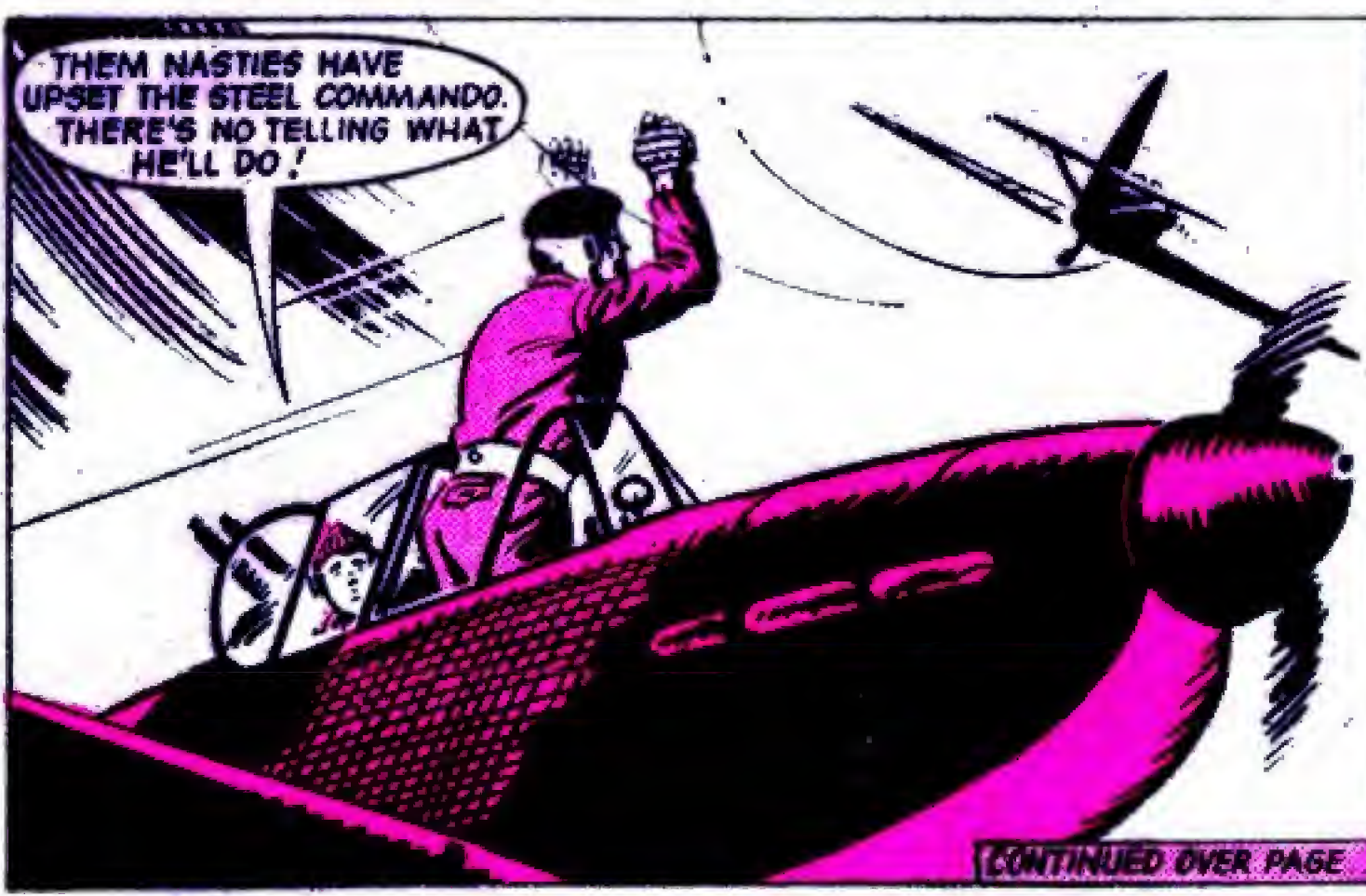
AFTER THE FIRST FEW MOMENTS ERNIE SETTLED DOWN TO ENJOY HIMSELF.



BUT SUDDENLY—



THEM NASTIES HAVE UPSET THE STEEL COMMANDO. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO!

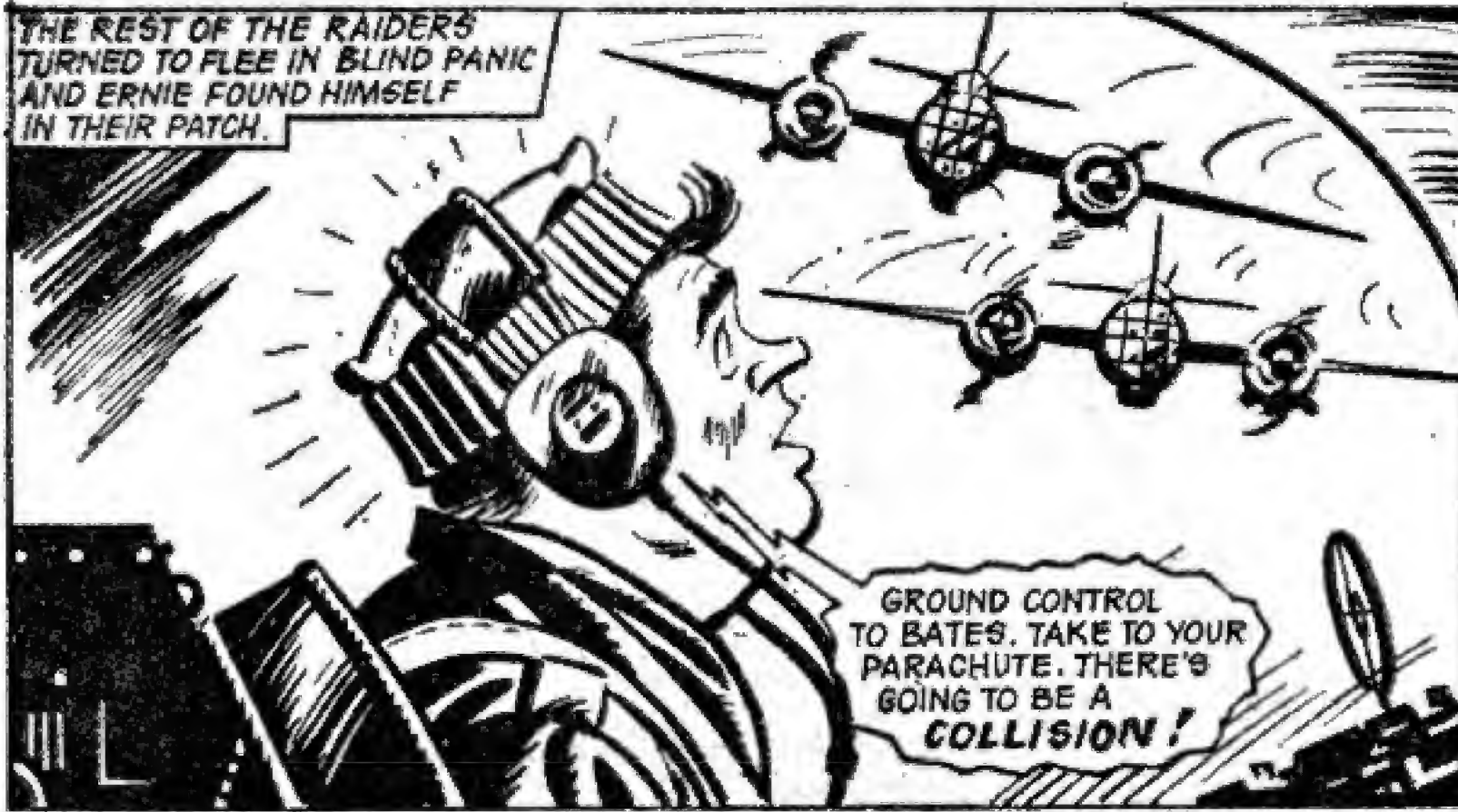


Concrete, made from volcanic earth, was first used in Roman times.



A man spent seven years building a model of the Forth Bridge from matchsticks.

THE REST OF THE RAIDERS
TURNED TO FLEE IN BLIND PANIC
AND ERNIE FOUND HIMSELF
IN THEIR PATCH.



ERNIE DIDN'T NEED
TELLING TWICE.

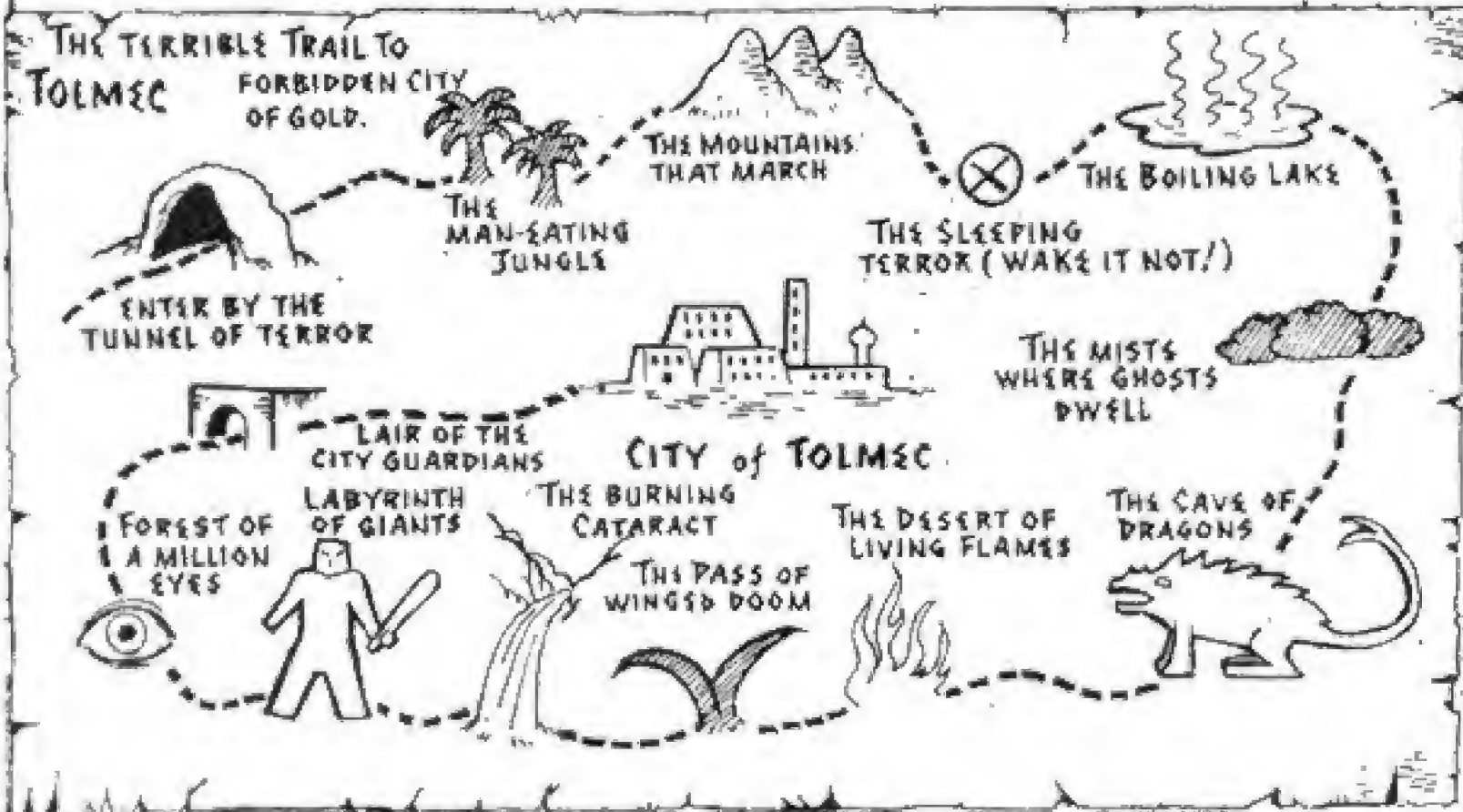


AS THE STEEL COMMANDO CAME IN
TO LAND, TEA WAS JUST BEING
SERVED IN THE OFFICERS' MESS--

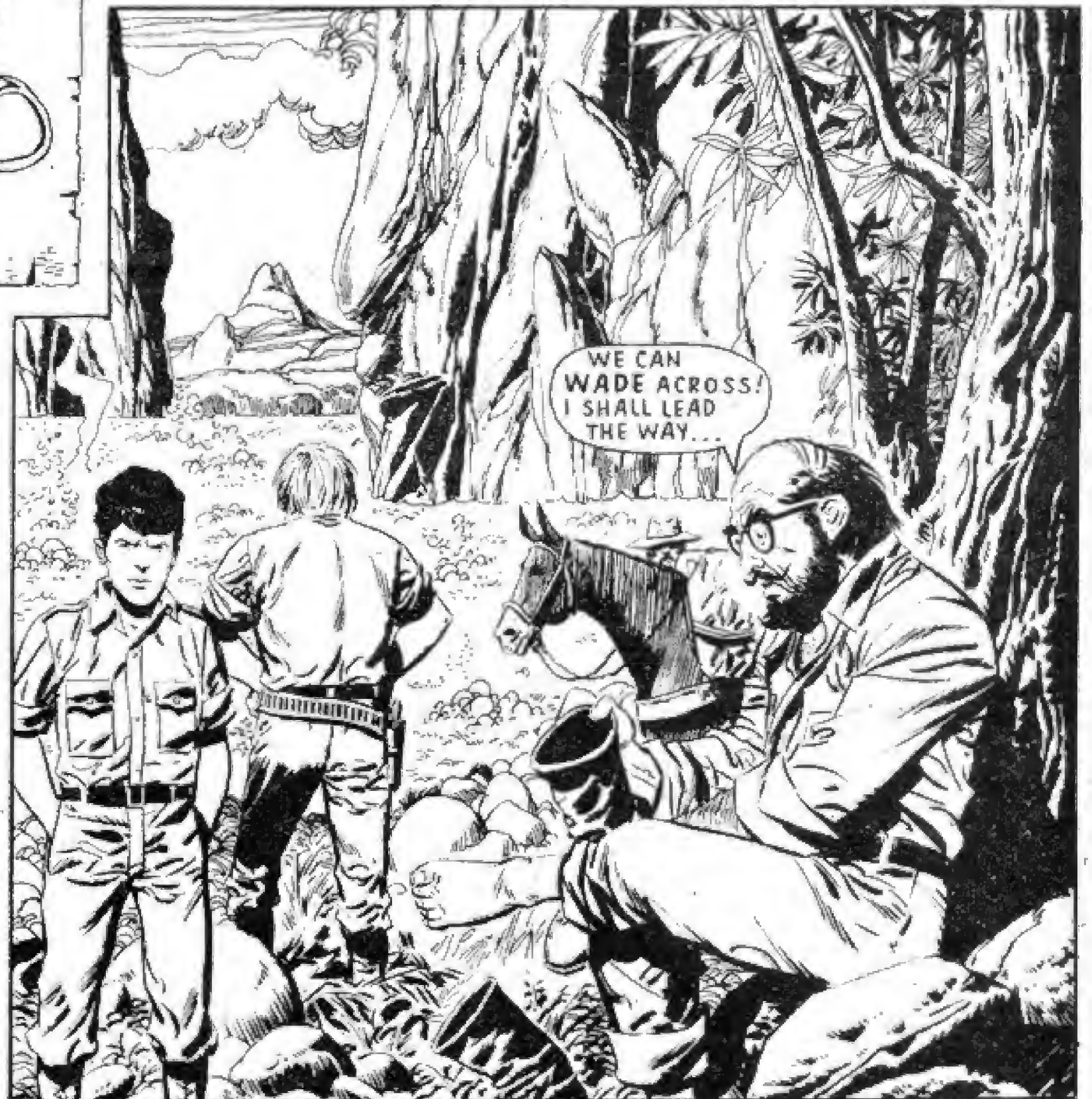


CROSSING THE DEADLY BOILING LAKE!

THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC



DOCTOR WOLFGANG STRANGER, WHO CONSIDERED HIMSELF THE GREATEST EXPLORER IN THE WORLD, AND HIS GIGANTIC MANSERVANT TROLL, HAD AGREED TO GO WITH TOM TAYLOR ON THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF GOLD, WHERE TOM BELIEVED THEY WOULD FIND HIS FATHER. AFTER OVERCOMING SEVERAL EERIE PERILS THEY APPROACHED THE NEXT DANGER POINT MARKED ON TOM'S MAP — THE BOILING LAKE!



Freak storms have sometimes caused a rain of tiny diamonds.

THE MONSTER DRINKING FROM THE BOILING POOL BLEW STEAM FROM ITS NOSTRILS...



WE MUST FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE! IF THAT BRUTE TURNED ON US, WE'D BE COOKED!

DOCTOR STRANGER TURNED TO TROLL...



SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A WAY ALONG THE TOP...

YES, DOCTOR.

TOM FROWNED MISTRUSTFULLY...



I WISH DOCTOR STRANGER DIDN'T TRUST TROLL SO COMPLETELY. I AM SURE HE IS PLOTTING TO PREVENT US REACHING THE CITY OF GOLD!

TOM'S SUSPICIONS WERE JUSTIFIED...



TEE-HEE! NOW IS MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF THEM, SO THAT I CAN GO ON ALONE TO CLAIM THE GOLD!

TROLL BEGAN TO ROLL THE STRANGE BOULDERS DOWN ON THE PARTY BELOW...



LOOK OUT!

AN AVALANCHE!

I'LL BET TROLL DID THIS ON PURPOSE. WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!

BUT THE BOULDERS WEREN'T QUITE WHAT THEY LOOKED...



SQUELCH!

LOOK OUT!



UGH! IT TASTES LIKE RAW EGGS!

NOT SURPRISING. THEY ARE EGGS!



BUT WHAT SORT OF BIRD LAYS EGGS THAT SIZE?

THE ANSWER TO TOM'S QUESTION APPEARED OVERHEAD...



THE FABULOUS ROC! WE HAVE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY. WE HAVE PROVED THAT, LIKE THE DRAGON, IT REALLY EXISTS!

TROLL SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF IN TROUBLE...



AGGH! THEY ARE ANGRY BECAUSE I BROKE SOME OF THEIR EGGS!

CONTINUED OVER PAGE.

The world's largest aquarium in Chicago cost £1,160,000 to build.

HE FLED IN TERROR...



BUT UNEXPECTED HELP WAS AT HAND...



THE BEAKS AND CLAWS OF THE GIANT ROCS MADE LITTLE IMPRESSION ON THE SCALY HIDE OF THE DRAGON...



BUT THE PACK MULES WON'T BE ABLE TO CROSS THE TRACK TROLL FOUND! WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE EVERYTHING BEHIND.



HE'S ROLLING GIANT EGGS DOWN INTO THE WATER! WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?



TOM CAME RACING BACK...



THERE'S OUR PATH. STEPPING STONES TO THE OTHER SIDE. BUT THEY'RE NOT REAL STONES. THEY'RE ONLY EGGS!

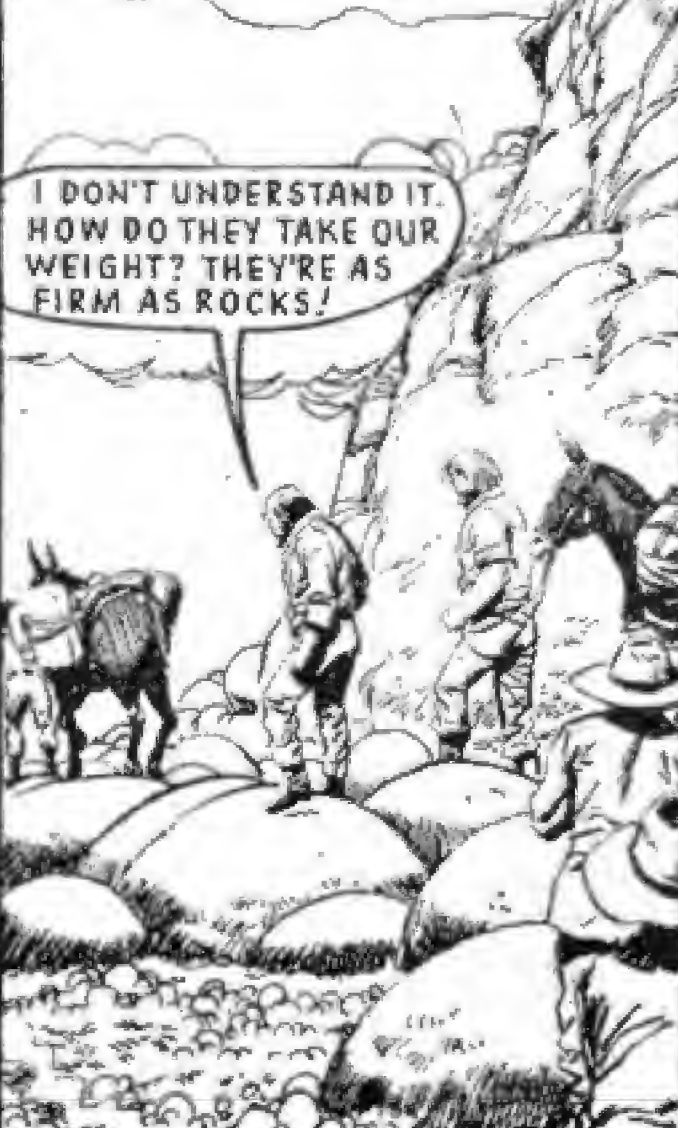


THEY'LL BREAK!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

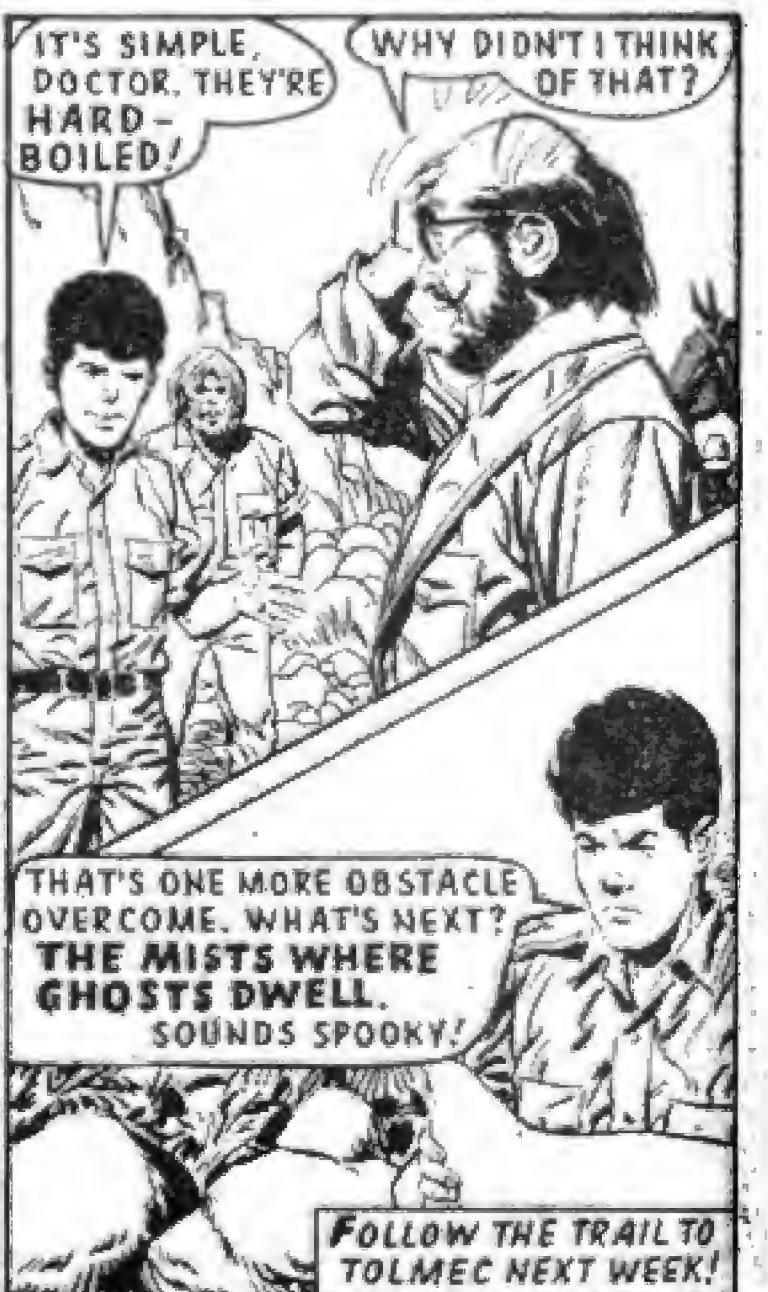


I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. HOW DO THEY TAKE OUR WEIGHT? THEY'RE AS FIRM AS ROCKS!



IT'S SIMPLE, DOCTOR. THEY'RE HARD-BOILED!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?



THE ANCIENT GLOVE DEALT JUSTICE TO ALL COMERS!

GAUNTLET OF FATE



A STRANGE OLD GAUNTLET WHICH HAD ONCE BELONGED TO A MEDIEVAL LAW-MAKER HAD BEEN DUG OUT OF ITS CENTURIES-OLD HIDING PLACE. THE GAUNTLET BROUGHT JUSTICE TO ALL WHO WORE IT ON THEIR HAND, THE WICKED OR THE GOOD. AFTER IT HAD FORCED A SNEAK THIEF TO FOIL A GANG OF BULLION ROBBERS ON A SWISS TRAIN, THE GAUNTLET WAS FOUND BY THE POLICE AND SENT TO INTERPOL AS A POSSIBLE CLUE. FINALLY IT WAS CHECKED OUT BY SCOTLAND YARD IN LONDON...



THE SCIENTISTS SAY THERE'S NOTHING EXTRA-ORDINARY ABOUT THIS OLD GAUNTLET, SIR!

DON'T WAVE IT ABOUT THEN, HARPER! PUT IT DOWN ON MY DESK!

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE HARPER WAS A KEEN YOUNGSTER...



SIR, COULDN'T YOU GIVE ME A REAL JOB TO GET MY TEETH INTO? THIS ROUTINE DESK-WORK IS GETTING ME DOWN!

FANCY YOURSELF AS A CROOK-CATCHER DO YOU, HARPER? WELL NOW...

STEALTHILY, THE FINGERS ON THE GAUNTLET OF FATE BEGAN TO MOVE...



THE INSPECTOR HERE IS WORRIED STIFF BY THE WAVE OF CAR ROBBERIES! THAT FILE ON THE DESK CONTAINS DETAILS OF ALL THE ROBBERIES... WHERE THE CARS WERE STOLEN AND SO ON...

UNNOTICED, THE GAUNTLET FLIPPED THROUGH THE FILE!



CHECK OUT THAT LIST, HARPER... VISIT ALL THE ROBBERY SPOTS MENTIONED AND FIND US A CLUE TO THE CAR-THIEVES!

BUT... THAT'S A HOPELESS JOB, SIR!

YOUNG HARPER GOT LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT FROM HIS SUPERIOR...



THE LAD'S RIGHT, SUPER... HE'LL BE WASTING HIS TIME!

OF COURSE HE WILL, INSPECTOR... AND MAYBE IT'LL TEACH HIM THAT HE'S AN OFFICE BOY AND NOT A DETECTIVE!

RIGHT... I'LL SHOW HIM!

FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER THE FILE BEING OPEN WHEN I PUT THE GAUNTLET DOWN! BUT I MIGHT AS WELL START SEARCHING AT THE CAR PARK THE FINGER'S POINTING TO!



HARPER STARTED HIS HOPELESS SEARCH AT THE CALDER ROAD CAR PARK...



"HE WHO DONS THE GAUNTLET OF FATE SHALL GAIN HIS JUST REWARD"... THAT'S THE INSCRIPTION ON THE OLD GAUNTLET!

I KNOW I COULD MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE IF THE SUPER WOULD ONLY GIVE ME A CHANCE... SO MAYBE CATCHING THOSE CAR THIEVES WOULD BE MY JUST REWARD!

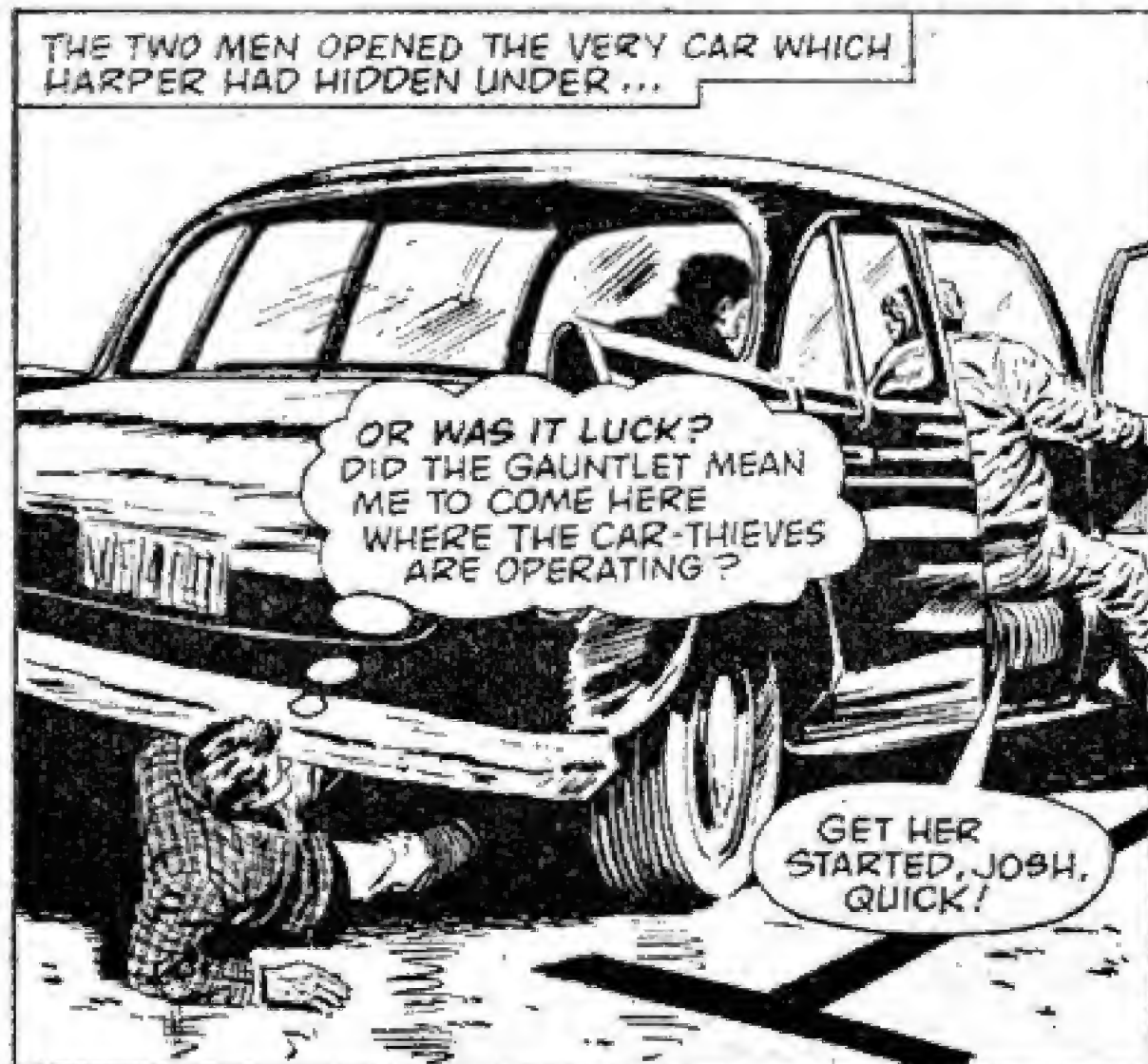
SUDDENLY...

NO ONE ABOUT, JOSH... AND THERE'S A CAR LIKE THE BOSS WANTED!



GOOD GRIEF! I'VE STRUCK LUCKY FIRST GO!

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The world's oldest royal family is that of Japan.

BUT THE GAUNTLET GAVE ANOTHER PROOF OF ITS TERRIFIC STRENGTH...



UHH...! DON'T B-BELIEVE IT! HE'S STOPPED THE CAR D-DEAD!

THE CAR REARED UPWARDS IN THE FEARFUL GRIP OF THE GAUNTLET...



IT'S FANTASTIC! THE GAUNTLET'S CLOBBERING THE VILLAINS FOR ME!

URRRRRR!

GIVE ME THAT BLOW-LAMP, MAX!



I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE... AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME!

DARN IT, HE'S THE BOSS OF THE GANG... AND HE'S READY TO USE THAT BLOW-LAMP ON ME!

HARPER'S GAUNTLETED HAND WAS DRAGGED UNWILLINGLY UPWARDS...



H-HUH? THE COPPER'S PUTTING HIS GLOVED HAND SMACK IN THE FLAME!

N-NO-IT'S NOT P-POSSIBLE!



THE HEAT'S SCORCHING—BUT THE GAUNTLET'S GRABBING THE LAMP BY THE NOZZLE!

HARPER GRABBED THE BLOW-LAMP BY ITS HANDLE...

UHH...THE GAUNTLET'S FALLEN OFF MY HAND! BUT I CAN LOOK AFTER THESE VILLAINS MYSELF NOW!



BUNCH UP, BLOKES, AND RUSH HIM!

THE SMOKE FROM THE OILY WASTE WILL STOP THEM!

THE INSPECTOR HAD BEEN DRIVING BACK TO HIS OWN STATION FROM SCOTLAND YARD...



WE SAW SMOKE! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

MY OATH! IT'S DETECTIVE CONSTABLE HARPER!

I TRACKED DOWN THOSE CAR-THIEVES FOR YOU, INSPECTOR!



AND ROUNDED THEM UP, TOO! THE SUPER WAS DEAD WRONG TO TREAT YOU LIKE AN OFFICE BOY!

A CLUMSY BOOT KICKED THE GAUNTLET OF FATE ASIDE... WHERE IT WOULD LIE IN WAIT FOR ITS NEXT FINDER...

I'LL GET YOU TRANSFERRED TO MY PATCH, HARPER... AND PROMOTED TO SERGEANT... AS A REWARD FOR THIS BIT OF WORK!



MY JUST REWARD... EXACTLY AS IT SAID ON THAT FANTASTIC OLD GAUNTLET!

WATCH OUT FOR "THE GAUNTLET OF FATE" NEXT WEEK!

SAM'S PUNCH PACKS PLENTY OF POWER!

